

PRICE 35 CENTS.

SONGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS



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at home and in the School
BY
Miss Jennie B. Merrill.

NEW YORK & CHICAGO
SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY

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SONGS

FOR

LITTLE FOLKS:

A COLLECTION ADAPTED

FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

AND

For Primary Classes in Sunday Schools & Day Schools.

CONTAINING ALSO A NUMBER OF CAREFULLY SELECTED
KINDERGARTEN SONGS.

COMPILED BY

MRS. W. F. CRAFTS, (*Miss Sara J. Timanus*)

AND

MISS JENNY B. MERRILL. 62

"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with
the understanding also.—1 Cor., 14, 15.

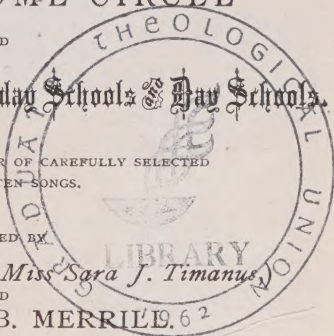
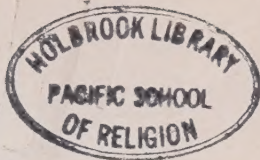
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1882.

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A Letter to Mothers and Primary Teachers about Teaching Little Children to Sing.

DEAR FRIENDS:

WE suppose that, like ourselves, you have felt the lack of a sufficient number of appropriate songs to teach to the little ones. Very few are to be found in any one book of Music, not enough to supply all that would be required in a class or in a home. An effort is made in the little book we now offer you, to winnow from a large number of books, the brightest and best pieces adapted to young children. Our earnest hope is not only that a book may be in the hands of every primary teacher, but that each child also may own a copy, not for use in the class, but in the home. The opportunity for learning new pieces in the Sunday School, which, in Primary classes, must always be done by rote, is very limited. The mothers in the homes might greatly facilitate the work if they would undertake to teach their little ones the sentiments and words of songs indicated by the teacher. By this means the children would be better prepared to understand what they sing, than by the usual way. It is to be feared that parents and teachers do not sufficiently realize the confusion of ideas in the minds of children, resulting from a failure to understand what they sing. "Let me die in the harness-shop," a little boy was heard singing while about his play. "Where did you learn that?" asked the mother. "In Sunday School," was the reply. Upon inquiry, the mother found that he had been trying to sing "Let me die in the harness," which, rightly understood, would have aroused an ambition widely different from the sentiment he was heard to sing. *Children should be taught to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding."* In accomplishing this, some simple illustration, an object, perhaps, or a rough sketch on the blackboard, will frequently assist. By this means, the sentiment of the hymn to be learned will be impressed. For example, in teaching the song "When children give their hearts to God" (see page 23), let the teacher provide herself with a full-blown rose and a rose bud. By questioning, the children may be led to tell that the *rose* will soon fall to pieces, but that the *bud* will last some time, so that we can enjoy its sweetness much longer. Then the heart in *childhood* may be compared to

the *bud*, and the heart in *old age* to the *rose*. God wants us to give Him our hearts. When shall we do it :—when they are like the *bud* or like the *rose* ? Surely while we are young, so that He may long have our love and service. Our little song tells us :

“ When children give their hearts to God,
 ’Tis pleasing in His eyes;
 A flower when offered in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.”

If before singing the second verse of Hymn on page 97, a bunch of violets is brought before the class, and their beauty and fragrance spoken of, the children will sing with great vigor, “ Give, said the violet sweet.”

Before teaching “ Little Lights ” (page 93), let rays to represent light coming from the sun be drawn on the blackboard, and the word “ Jesus ” placed in the center. Thus the children may be reminded of Jesus, the Light of the world. If Jesus, the Light of the world, shines upon our hearts, He will make us bright and shining. We shall become “ Little lights.” Let the children now tell of different things that are used to give light at night. They will probably name a candle. Let one then be shown or drawn on the blackboard. Compare the candle with the sun, and lead the children to call it a “ little light,” and ask, Which may a little child be like, for Jesus? “ Like a little candle shining in the night.”

In teaching “ Jewels,” (page 106) we may ask, “ What do we call persons who wear crowns? Let us see what a crown looks like. (The teacher draws one or shows a picture.) What are set in the crown to sparkle? (Show rings containing jewels.) I know of a King who wants different jewels for His crown.

“ Little children, little children
 Who love their Redeemer
 Are the jewels,” etc.

Who is this King? Jewels shine; so shall those whom Jesus gathers for His Crown.

“ Like the stars of the morning
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.”

When will Jesus gather His jewels? “ When He cometh, when He cometh.” Yes, Jesus is coming again some day. May you all be His, dear children, “ in that day when He comes to make up His jewels! ”

In this connection, it might not be inappropriate to give a few thoughts about the *character of the songs or hymns* which children should sing, and the *manner of singing them*. You probably think as we do, that a *good*

primary-class song should contain gospel truth instead of pretty jingle. Simple and silly are two qualities which get strangely confused in the minds of those who write for little children. The compass should not be high. An authority says "never above E flat." A strain upon weak and young voices renders singing anything but a pleasure, also destroying all musical effect. This person suggests also, that a lady should lead children in singing, because her tones will give the proper pitch, a gentleman's voice, even when singing soprano, usually being pitched one octave lower than the children should sing.

The song should be cheerful both in the spirit of the words and in the music. I can not soon forget the doleful impression made upon me by hearing a large class of happy-hearted little children singing in Sunday School, "I'm a child of sin and woe." It was like a whip-poor-will's note in the throat of a chirping wren.

Whenever it is possible, the Primary class song should be *accompanied by motions*. The change of position which children require is thus provided for, and the consequent stirring is in order, rather than a matter inviting reproof. And then, you know, it is an old established rule, that "the more senses employed, the clearer will be the child's idea." So when the children are permitted to exercise in motions what they are singing, they will feel and know more deeply what they sing: *e. g.*, if they sing about the breath which God sends them, let them place their hands where they can feel that breath: if they sing about their hearts which God keeps in motion, let them place their hands where they can feel the beating of their hearts: if they sing about the snow, let their hands represent the snowflakes, and teach them to imitate the falling of the snow: if they sing of the rain, teach them to imitate its pattering, by tapping with their finger tips upon a hard surface.

And now as to the *manner* of singing. A good order to observe in teaching a new song is, 1st. To gain the children's interest in it by singing it yourself, or getting some one to sing it for you. 2d. To hold a conversation with the children about its sentiments. 3d. To sing one line alone, then repeat it immediately with the children accompanying, and after a few lines have been thus learned, to sing them through together. 4th. To encourage the children to sing without the teacher's help.

Teach them to *sing conscientiously*, since only the best of anything is fit to be offered to God. Many times this worshipful element is entirely left out; and if children think at all why they sing, they conclude that it is to please either the teacher or themselves. It would be well to keep the idea of *praise to God* continually before them by such reminders as the following, when the music is not going well: God likes you to think about what you are singing:

I believe that God likes gentle, sweet sounds, rather than such loud, harsh ones : God does not like a lazy way of doing things for Him, so you must sing a little quicker : God's little birds make more music than you do ; certainly you can sing as well for Him as they. Sometimes this worshipful element is lost sight of in the endeavor to please visitors and friends, who always delight to hear the children sing. Or the purpose may be forgotten in too frequent singing. We are told to "Pray without ceasing," but a primary class can not sing without ceasing, as is sometimes the case, without degenerating into an exhibition singing school.

Children should *sit or stand well when they sing*. They should be told that their lungs are somewhat like sponges, and that when they sit or stand bent up, their lungs are so crushed together that they can not "sing best for God." They should sing with a *quick utterance*, thus-avoiding the miserable habit of dragging. Tell them to make their voices skip when they sing ; by this a jerky manner is not meant. They should be in a *cheerful mood*. "I'm saddest when I sing," is not a desirable condition for children, at least ; neither have we much sympathy with the sentiments "Birds that won't sing, must be made to sing." It is promotive of the cheerful mood to give the children a choice of what they will sing. This could not be recommended as an invariable rule, for while they may be happiest in singing what they like best, the selections might not be best adapted to the occasion.

The selections under Kindergarten Songs, Cradle songs, and the Secular songs, are designed for the exclusive use of the home. It hardly needs to be said that they are in no particular adapted to the Sunday School.

Yours in loving service,

SARA J. CRAFTS,

JENNY B. MERRILL.

We are indebted for valuable co-operation in the preparation of "Songs for Little Folks," especially to HUBERT P. MAIN, who has not only furnished a number of original compositions, but has cheerfully aided in compiling the work.

We also express our thanks to Messrs. MARTENS BROTHERS, of New York ;— Messrs. GARRIGUES BROTHERS, of Philadelphia ; and to Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, W. H. DOANE, WM. F. SHERWIN, JAMES R. MURRAY, Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR, EDWARD ROBERTS, W. O. PERKINS, and others, for valuable contributions.

S. J. C.

J. B. M.

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SONGS

FOR

LITTLE FOLKS.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

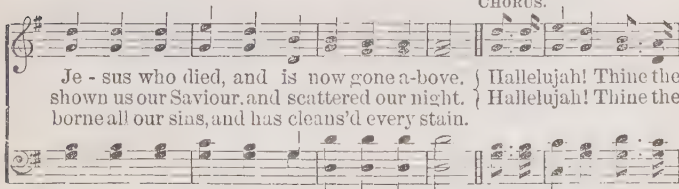
Dr. W. P. MACKAY, 1866.

OLD MELODY, *Arr.*



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise, to the Lamb that was slain, Who has

CHORUS.

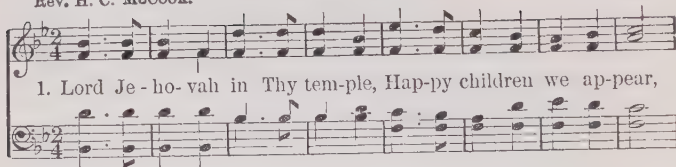


Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. } Hallelujah! Thine the
 shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. } Hallelujah! Thine the
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd every stain.

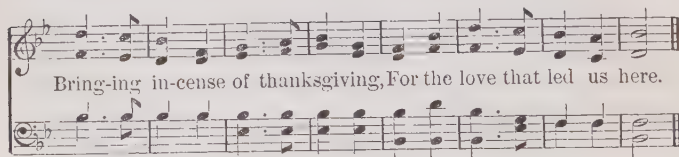


glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. }
 glo - ry, [Omit.] } Re - vive us a - gain.

From "New Praises of Jesus," by per. Biglow & Main.



1. Lord Je - ho - vah in Thy tem - ple, Hap - py children we ap - pear,



Bring - ing in - cense of thanksgiving, For the love that led us here.



Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah, For the love that led us here,



Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah, For the love that led us here.

2.

When on each returning Sabbath,
We return to seek Thy face.
Lord, accept the children's worship,
Hear in heaven Thy dwelling place.
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Hear in heaven Thy dwelling place,
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Hear in heaven Thy dwelling place.

3.

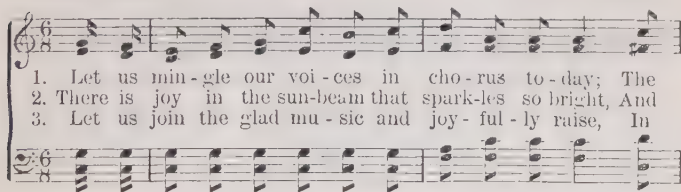
Thus, as in Thy earthly temple,
Day by day we wait on Thee:
In each heart Thy Spirit dwelling,
May we all Thy temples be.
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
May we all Thy temples be,
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
May we all Thy temples be.

PRAISE THE GIVER OF ALL.

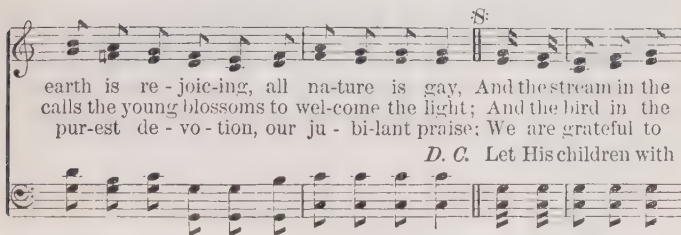
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

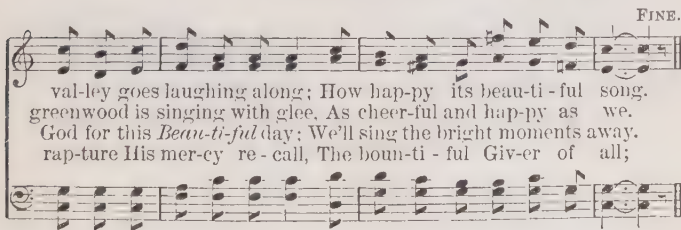
WM. F. SHERWIN.



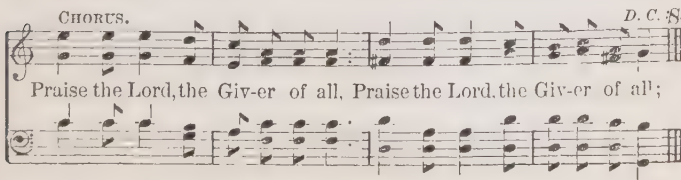
1. Let us min - gle our voi - ces in cho - rus to - day; The
 2. There is joy in the sun-beam that spark-les so bright, And
 3. Let us join the glad mu - sic and joy - ful - ly raise, In



earth is re - joic-ing, all na-ture is gay, And the stream in the
 calls the young blossoms to wel-come the light; And the bird in the
 pur-est de - vo - tion, our ju - bi-lant praise; We are grateful to
 D. C. Let His children with



val-ley goes laughing along; How hap-py its beau-ti - ful song.
 greenwood is singing with glee, As cheer-ful and hap-py as we.
 God for this *Beau-ti-ful* day; We'll sing the bright moments away.
 rap-ture His mer-cy re - call, The boun-ti - ful Giv-er of all;

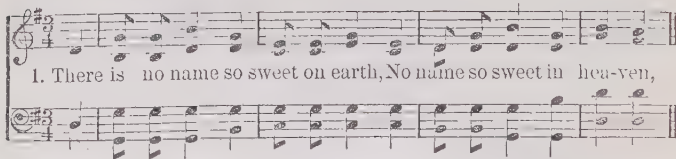


CHORUS.
 D. C. S.
 Praise the Lord, the Giv-er of all, Praise the Lord, the Giv-er of all;

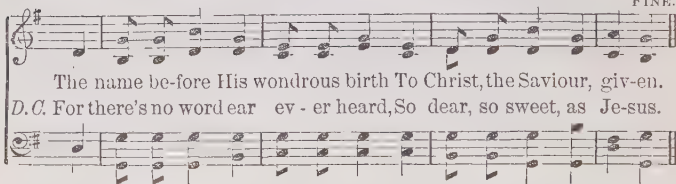
THE SWEETEST NAME.

Rev. Dr. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



FINE.



REFRAIN.



2.

His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they seal'd Him;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed Him.-- *Ref.*

3.

And when He hung upon the tree,
 They wrote His name above Him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.—*Ref.*

4.

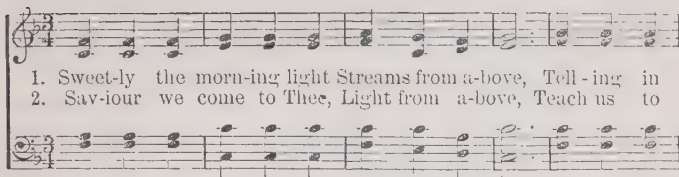
So now upon His Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Ref.*

From "New Golden Chain," by per. Biglow & Main.

SING PRAISES.

11

GEO. B. LOOMIS.

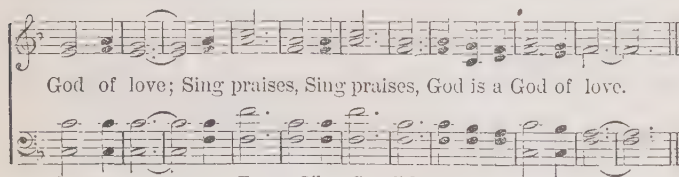


1. Sweet-ly the morn-ing light Streams from a-bove, Tell-ing in
 2. Sav-iour we come to Thee, Light from a-bove, Teach us to

CHORUS.



words of light, God is love. Sing prais-es, sing prais-es, God is a
 know and see, God is love.



God of love; Sing praises, Sing praises, God is a God of love.

From "Silver Song," by per.

Tune—Coronation, O M. Key of G.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Hosanna, be the children's song;
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong;
Let all the children sing. | While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain. |
| 2 From little ones to Jesus brought.
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word. | 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply. |
| 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain. | 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing. |

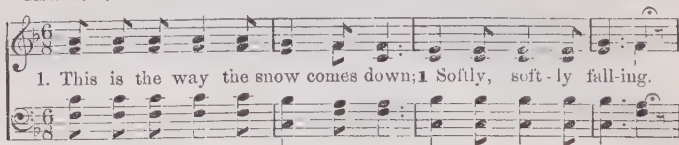
Jas. Montgomery.

12 STORM AND SUNSHINE.—(Action Song.)

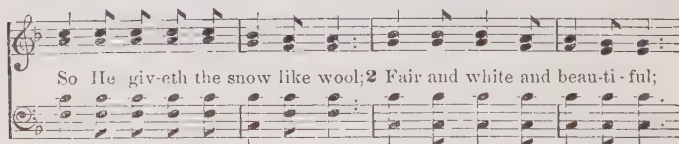
1 Let the raised hands gently fall with waving up and down motion. 2 Fold hands. 3 Raised hands fall with quick but silent motion. 4 Raised hands wave to right and left. 5 Raised hands fall with quick, rapping sound. 6 Raised hands wave over the heads, with slow motion. 7 Raised hands wave with quick motion, right and left. 8 Raise hands over the head come slowly down each side, describing the arch of the rainbow. Between the song stanzas let all recite the passages in concert.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. 1869.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. This is the way the snow comes down; 1 Softly, soft-ly fall-ing.



So He giv-eth the snow like wool; 2 Fair and white and beau-ti-ful;



This is the way the snow comes down, 1 Softly, soft-ly, fall-ing.

RECITATION.

He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.

He giveth snow like wool.

SONG.

2 This is the way the rain comes down. 3

Swiftly, swiftly, falling.

So he sendeth the welcome rain. 2

O'er the field, and hill, and plain.

This is the way the rain comes down. 3

Swiftly, swiftly falling.

RECITATION.

He maketh small the drops of water, they pour down rain,

To cause the bud of the tender herb to spring.

SONG.

3 This is the way the frost comes down. 4

Widely, widely, falling.

So it spreadeth all through the night;

Shining cold, and pure, and white. 2

From the "Prize," by per. John Church & Co.

This is the way the frost comes
down,⁴
Widely, widely falling.

RECITATION.

He scattereth the hoar frost like
ashes.
By the breath of God frost is given.

SONG.

4 This is the way the hail comes
down;⁵
Loudly, loudly falling.
So it flieth beneath the cloud:²
Swift, and strong, and wild, and
loud;
This is the way the hail comes
Loudly, loudly falling. [down,⁵

RECITATION.

Hast thou seen the treasures of the
hail?
He casteth forth his ice like morsels.

SONG.

5 This is the way the cloud comes
Darkly, darkly falling. [down,⁶
So it covers the shining blue.²
Till no ray can glisten through.
This is the way the cloud comes
Darkly, darkly falling. [down,⁶

RECITATION.

Can any understand the spreading of
the clouds?
With clouds He covereth the light,
and commandeth it not to shine.

6 This is the way sunshine comes
down,⁷
Sweetly, sweetly falling.
So it chases the clouds away;²

So it wakes the lordly day.
This is the way sunshine comes
down,⁷
Sweetly, sweetly falling.

RECITATION.

The Lord giveth the sun for a light
by day.
He maketh the sun to rise on the
evil and the good.

SONG.

7 This is the way rainbow comes
down,⁸
Brightly, brightly falling.
So it smileth across the sky,²
Making fair the heavens on high.
This is the way rainbow comes
Brightly, brightly falling. [down,⁸

RECITATION.

I do set my bow in the cloud.
When I bring a cloud over the earth,
the bow shall be seen in the
cloud.

SONG.

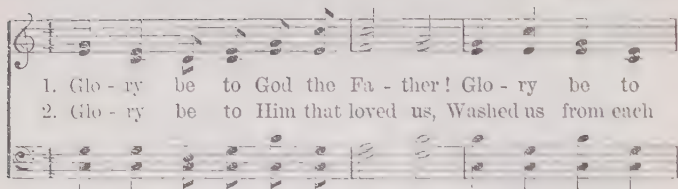
8 Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy
works,²
Wheresoever falling,
All their various voices raise,
Speaking forth their Maker's
praise.
Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy
works,
Wheresoever falling.

RECITATION.

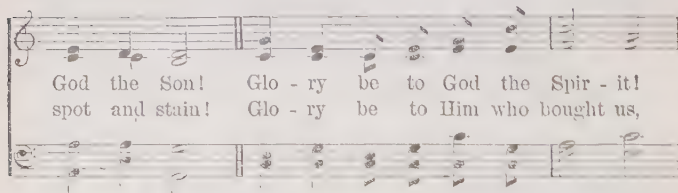
Fire, and hail; snow and vapor:
strong wind, fulfilling His word.
Let them praise the name of the Lord.

GLORY TO JEHOVAH.

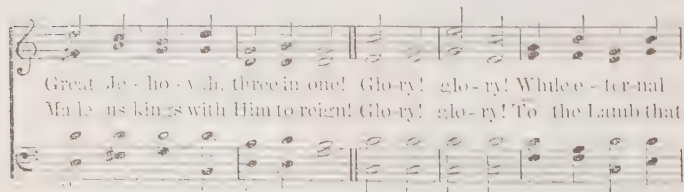
WM. F. SHERWIN.



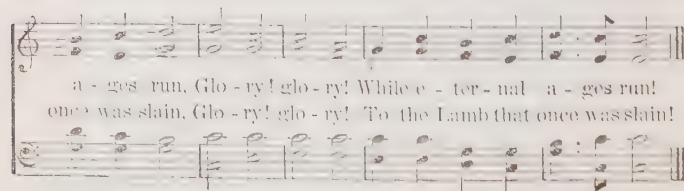
1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to
2. Glo - ry be to Him that loved us, Washed us from each



God the Son! Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it!
spot and stain! Glo - ry be to Him who bought us,



Great Je - ho - vah, three in one! Glo - ry! glo - ry! While e - ter - nal
Ma - le us kings with Him to reign! Glo - ry! glo - ry! To the Lamb that



a - ges run, Glo - ry! glo - ry! While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
once was slain, Glo - ry! glo - ry! To the Lamb that once was slain!

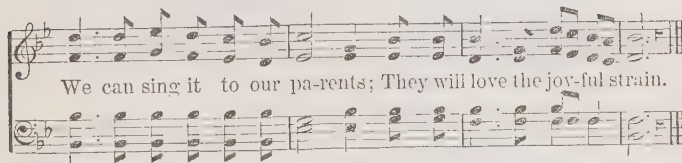
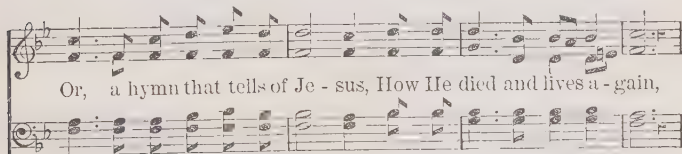
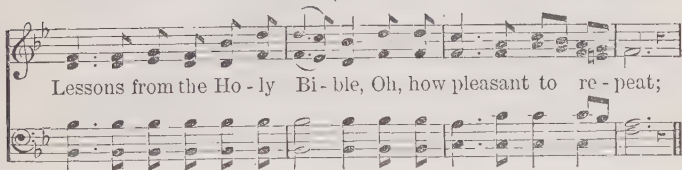
By permission.

PEACEFUL DWELLING.

15

FANNY J. CROSEY, 1867.

EDWARD ROBERTS.



- 2 If they have not found the Saviour,
We may point them to the way,
By a single word of kindness,
We have heard our teachers say;
Hearts are never half so happy,
Homes are never half so bright,
Till the parents, with the children,
Morn and eve in prayer unite.
- 3 Christian homes, however lowly,
Wear a smile that never dies;
'Tis a beam of light reflected,
From a land beyond the skies;
May our Sunday School instruction
Make us what we ought to be,
Kind and gentle to our parents,—
True and faithful, Lord, to Thee.

From "Apples of Gold," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

1. T. Who is He in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?
 2. " Who is He in yonder cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?

CHORUS.
 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous sto - ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of

Glory, At His feet we humbly fall, Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 T. Who is He who stands and weeps
 At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?—*Cho.*
- 4 " Who is He in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness?—*Cho.*
- 5 " Lo ! at midnight who is He,
 Prays in dark Gethsemane?—*Cho.*
- 6 " Who is He in Calv'ry's throes,
 Asks for blessings on His foes?—*Cho.*
- 7 " Who is He that from the grave
 Comes to heal, and help and save?—*Cho.*
- 8 " Who is He that on yon Throne,
 Rules the world of light alone?—*Cho.*

From "Chapel Gems," by per. John Church & Co.

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

17

Rev. J. H. H.

Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, by per.

1. We three Kings of O - ri - ent are; Bearing gifts we traverse a - far,
 2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again
 3. FRANKINCENSE to of - fer have I, In-cense owns a De - i - ty nigh :

D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men,

Field and fountain, Moor and mount-ain, Fol-low - ing yen - der Star.
 King for - ev - er; Ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 Prayer and praising, All men rais - ing, Worship Him, God on high.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - - - men.

CHORUS.

O Star of wonder, Star of Night; Star with roy - al beau-ty bright;

D.C.
 Westward lead-ing, Still pro - ceed-ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

4 MYRRH is mine; its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
 Sorrowing, sighing, Bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
 King, and God, and Sacrifice;
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
 Heaven and earth replies.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

During the singing of this song, let the children, in a regular manner, tap upon some hard surface with their finger tips, to imitate the patter of rain. Let the singing be done softly, so that the pattering may be heard.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

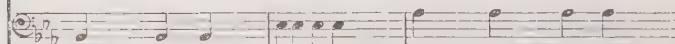
DUET.



1. Hear the mu-sic of the rain fall-ing down, On the roof and
2. Hear the mu-sic of the rain fall-ing down, On the roof and

Inst.

win-dow pane, falling down. Murnur not, it seems to say, For our
win-dow pane, falling down. What a les-son does it bring. What a



Father's love to-day Or-ders on-ly in our way Good to
cho-rus does it sing, What a message from our King of His



fall; Like the gen-tle fall-ing rain O-ver mountain,
love. And we seem to hear Him say, Come, ye children,



From the "Prize," by per. John Church & Co.

lake and plain, Will His ten - der care re - main O - ver all.
learn my way, From my fold no long - er stray, Look a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hear the mu - sic of the rain, beautiful rain: As the pear - ly

drops in showers pattering fall, Hear the sweet subdued refrain, On the

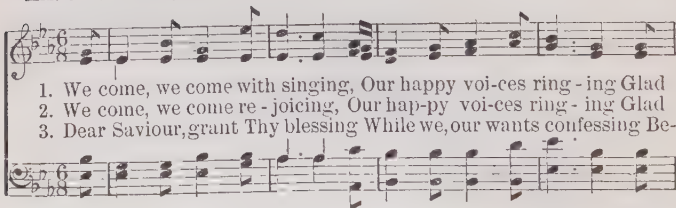
roof and window pane, Of our Father's tender love for all.

3.

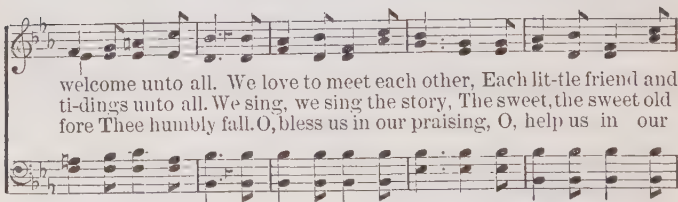
Hear the music of the rain falling down,
On the roof and window pane, falling down:
So our Father, kind and true,
Showers of blessings, ever new,
On the good and evil, too, still doth send;
And a cheerful song we raise,
To His honor and His praise,
For the love that crowns our days to the end. *Cko.*

Mrs. C. A. HOLMES,

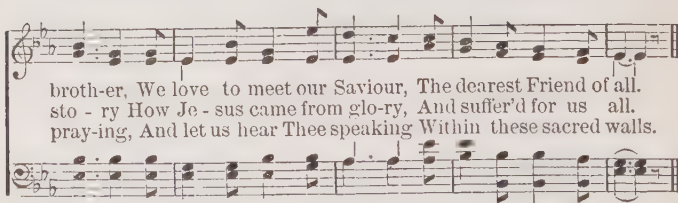
S. B. SAXTON.



1. We come, we come with singing, Our happy voi-ces ring - ing Glad
 2. We come, we come re - joicing, Our hap-py voi-ces ring - ing Glad
 3. Dear Saviour, grant Thy blessing While we, our wants confessing Be-

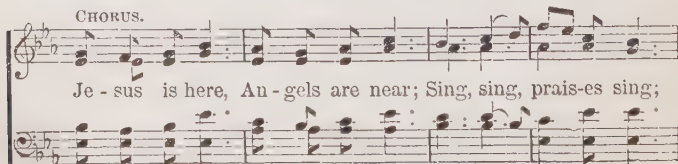


welcome unto all. We love to meet each other, Each lit-tle friend and
 ti-dings unto all. We sing, we sing the story, The sweet, the sweet old
 fore Thee humbly fall. O, bless us in our praising, O, help us in our

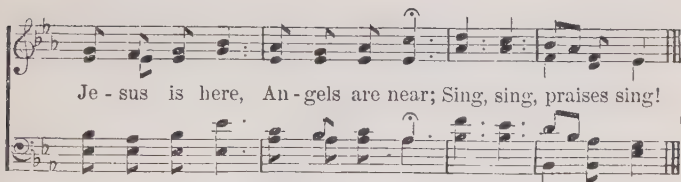


broth-er, We love to meet our Saviour, The dearest Friend of all.
 sto - ry How Je - sus came from glo-ry, And suffer'd for us all.
 pray-ing, And let us hear Thee speaking Within these sacred walls.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is here, An - gels are near; Sing, sing, prais-es sing;



Tune—"Webb," 7s & 6s. Key *B_♭*.

1.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
Who bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
And fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be like Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praise,
And learn the angel's song.

Rev. H. Bonar, 1847.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

Tune "America." 6s & 4. Key *F*. Page 22.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

2 Lo now and till we die
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing,
Infants and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement.

C. WESLEY, 1757.

HENRY CAREY, 1732.



1. Come, thou Al-migh-ty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:



Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign



ov - er us, An - cient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call.

Tune—"Greenville," 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key F.

1 If we seek His Holy Spirit
In our young and early days,
He will grant, through Jesus' merit,
Rich supplies of heavenly grace:
||: And will fit us: ||
For eternal songs of praise.

Tune—Webb. 7s & 6s. Key B \flat .

1 To Thee, O God, we offer
Our joyful songs of praise;
To Thee, the bounteous giver,
And guardian of our days:
Again we meet to thank Thee,
To raise our ev'ning prayer;
Our hearts are fill'd with gladness
For Thy most tender care.

Tune—Balerna. C. M. Key B \flat .

<p>1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;— A heart that always feels Thy blood, So freely spilt for me:—</p>	<p>2 A heart in every thought renew'd, And full of love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of Thine.</p>
--	---

C. Wesley.

Tune—Emmons. C. M. Key B \flat .

- 1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name.
- 2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and
sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

C. Wesley.

Tune—Heber. C. M. Key C.

- 1 God made my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God made my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- 3 God made my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength
I have
May serve my neighbors best.
- 4 God made my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

B. M. Edwards.

Tune—I love to tell. Key A \flat .

- 1 I Love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me:
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

Miss Kate Hankey.

Tune—Brown. C. M. Key B \flat .

1.

When children give their hearts to
God
'Tis pleasing in His eyes,
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,
May we our hearts resign,
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

Tune—Old Hundred. L. M. Key A.

Praise God from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.

1. Our les-son now is o'er, And we a hap-py throng, With
2. What grat-i-tude we owe, For rich-est bless-ing giv'n, Yet

grate-ful hearts u - nite once more, To raise a part-ing song.
what can lit - tle chil - dren do To serve the God of heaven.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Most joy - ful - ly we'll sing; Ho -

- san - na, ho - san - na, To Je - sus Christ our King.

3 He never will despise
The smallest of our race;
And He'll regard the humble
cries
Of all who seek His face.

4 We'll praise Him for His word,
We'll praise Him for His love,
We'll praise Him that our souls
have heard,
His message from above.

LOVING FATHER.

25

J. R. M.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Lov-ing Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren, Kneeling low be- fore Thy

throne; O ac-cept our humble wor-ship, Je-sus, Sav-iour, God a -

- lone. Give us hearts to love Thee tru-ly, And to love each oth-er

too; Make us gentle, kind, o-be-dient, In all things we say or do.

2.

Asking not from pain to save us,
 But from sin, the cause of pain;
 Cleanse our souls and make us holy,
 Lead us in Thy way again.
 Give us here Thy sweet supporting,
 Help us all to do Thy will;
 That at last in heavenly mansions,
 We may love and serve Thee still.

From "The Prize," by per. John Church & Co.

ANON.

HENRY N. WHITNEY. 1866



1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ve - ry
 2. Now I know Thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ve - ry



thank - ful In my heart to Thee. When the sad, sad sto - ry Of Thy
 thank - ful, In my pray'rs to Thee. Soon, I hope, in glo - ry At Thy



grief I read, Make me ve - ry sor - ry For my sins, in - deed.
 side to stand; Make me fit to meet Thee In that hap - py land.



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Tune—Hamburg. L. M. Key F.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
 Give me the words I ought to say:
 For I am young and very weak,
 And know not how I ought to
 speak.</p> <p>2 The words of prayer I've often said
 With eyelids closed and bowed
 head,</p> | <p>But oh, I'm very much afraid
 That with my heart I've never
 prayed.</p> <p>3 But now, O God be pleased to take
 Away this heart for Jesus' sake;
 O give me one that loves to pray,
 And read the Bible every day.</p> |
|--|--|

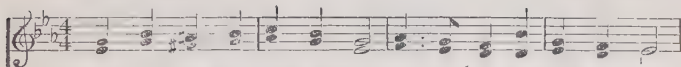
Rev. E. P. Hammond.

VICTOR'S PALM.

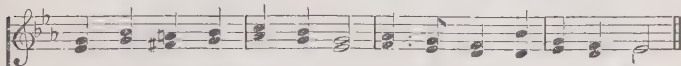
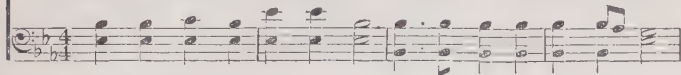
27

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

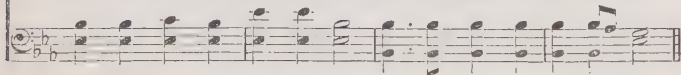
GEO. F. ROOT.



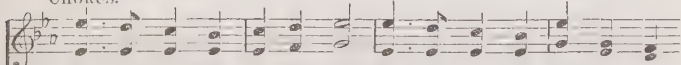
1. Heaven-ly Fa-ther, teach the way, Teach Thy lit-tle child to pray;
2. May the sweet and heavenly Dove, Come and fill our heart with love;



How to shun the ways of sin, How the crown of Life to win;
Ev'-ry e-vil pas-sion quell Ev'-ry thought of sin dis-pel.



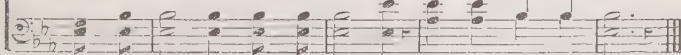
CHORUS.



Till I shout the an-gel psalm; Till I wave the vic-tor's palm;



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Wave the vic-tor's palm.



3.

Fill my heart with heavenly peace,
Bid my fretful passions cease;
Conquer all my foes within,
Still the stormy waves of sin.

4.

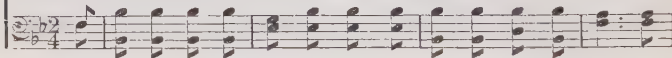
May the holy angels spread
Guardian wings around my head;
May Thy dear and loving eye
Watch my footsteps from on high.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.



1. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, And of - ten dis - o - bey My
2. A lit - tle sparrow fall - eth not, But Je - sus tak - eth heed, And
3. No unkind word, no un - true tale, Will an - gels hear to - day: For



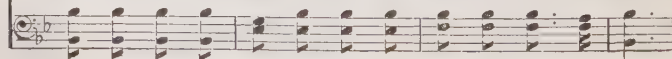
teachers kind, my parents dear, And from their precepts stray. But
as He is my Sav - iour too, Will He not in - ter - cede? Will
I'm re - solved with Je - sus' help, To walk the nar - row way; Then



ev' - ry night be - fore my head I on my pil - low lay, I'll
not the Fa - ther save from harm, And bless me ev' - ry day, And
He will come and care for me, By night as well as day; And

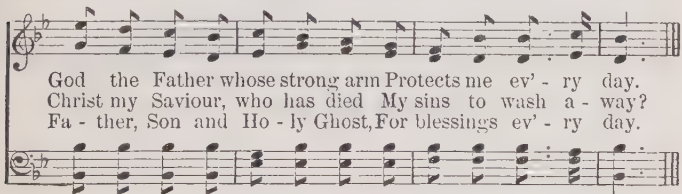
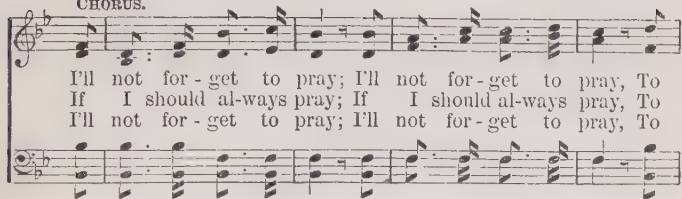


kneel be - side my lit - tle bed, And not for - get to pray.
shield me from temp - ta - tion too, If I should al - ways pray?
so His lit - tle lamb I'll be, And not for - get to pray.



I'LL NOT FORGET TO PRAY.—Concluded. 29

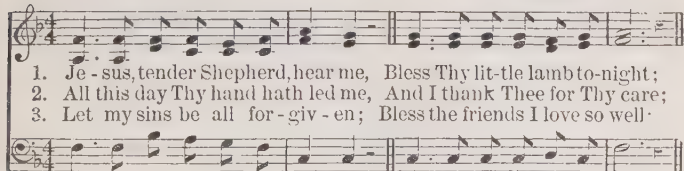
CHORUS.



CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Mrs. MARY L. DUNCAN. 1830.

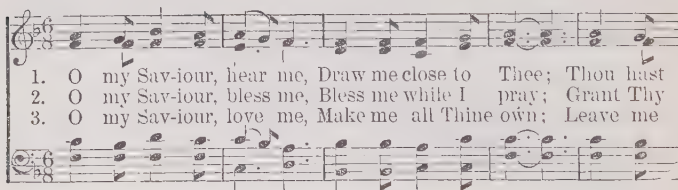
GEORGE LYDIATT.



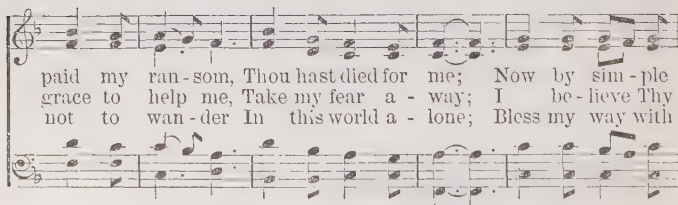
From "The Casket," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

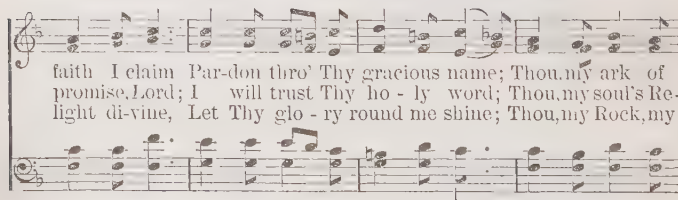
HUBERT P. MAIN.



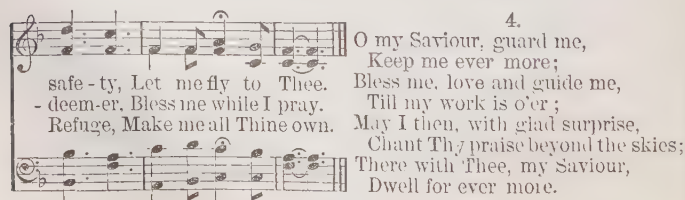
1. O my Sav-iour, hear me, Draw me close to Thee; Thou hast
 2. O my Sav-iour, bless me, Bless me while I pray; Grant Thy
 3. O my Sav-iour, love me, Make me all Thine own; Leave me



paid my ran-som, Thou hast died for me; Now by sim-ple
 grace to help me, Take my fear a-way; I be-lieve Thy
 not to wan-der In this world a-lone; Bless my way with



faith I claim Par-don thro' Thy gracious name; Thou, my ark of
 promise, Lord; I will trust Thy ho-ly word; Thou, my soul's Re-
 light di-vine, Let Thy glo-ry round me shine; Thou, my Rock, my



4.
 O my Saviour, guard me,
 Keep me ever more;
 Bless me, love and guide me,
 Till my work is o'er;
 May I then, with glad surprise,
 Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
 There with Thee, my Saviour,
 Dwell for ever more.

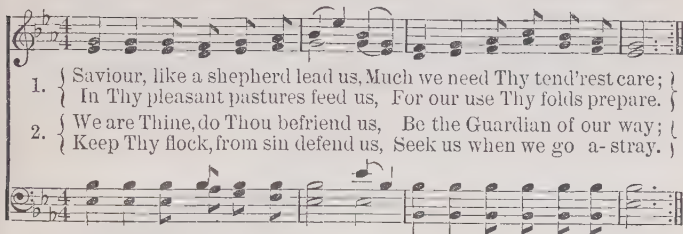
From "Brightest and Best," by per. Biglow & Main.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 31

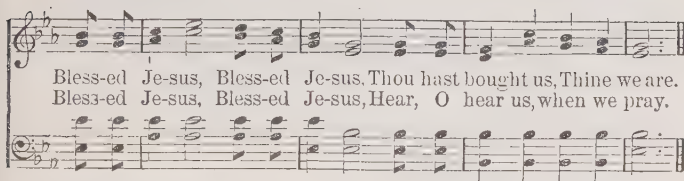
DOROTHY A. THURPP. 1838.

8s, 7s & 4.

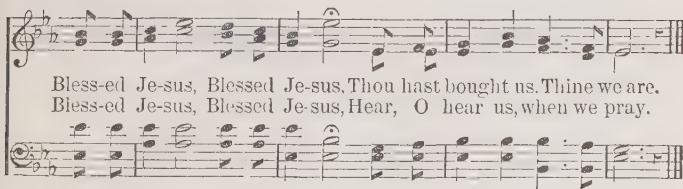
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare. }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray. }



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.



Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

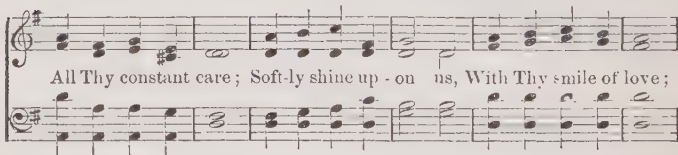
3.
 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 :: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee. ::

4.
 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 :: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. ::

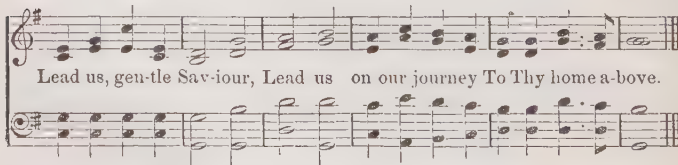
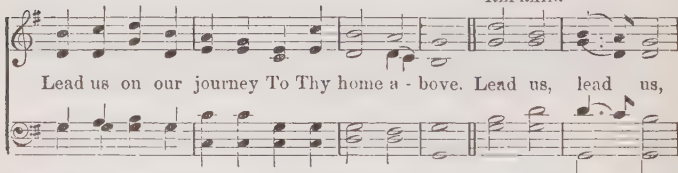
From "Golden Chain," by per. Biglow & Main.

JULIA A. MATHEWS.

REV. R. LOWRY.



REFRAIN.



2 We are very happy,
 All the world is fair;
 Seldom do we sorrow,
 Seldom have a care ;
 Yet we would be joyous,
 Did we only know,
 That, when life is ended,
 We to Thee should go.—*Ref.*

3 Dear and blessed Saviour,
 Hold our little hands ;
 Lead us in Thy footsteps,
 Heeding Thy commands ;
 So shall we in gladness
 Spend our earthly days,
 Till Thy voice shall call us
 Home to sing Thy praise.—*Ref.*

From "Royal Diadem," by per. Biglow & Main.

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD.

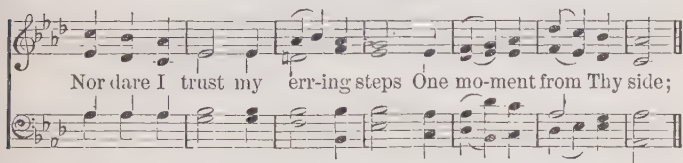
33

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1869.

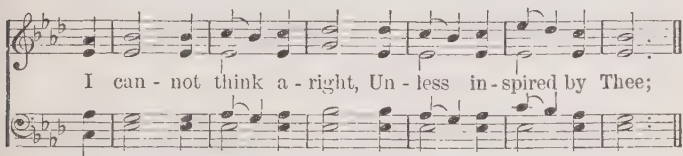
HUBERT P. MAIN.



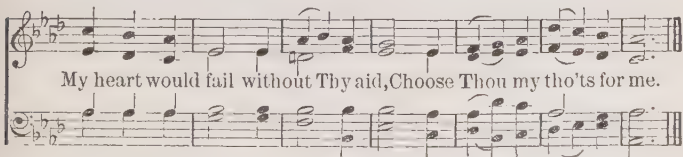
1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide;



Nor dare I trust my err-ing steps One mo-moment from Thy side;



I can - not think a - right, Un - less in -spired by Thee;



My heart would fail without Thy aid, Choose Thou my tho'ts for me.

2.

For every act of faith,
And every pure design,—
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be Thine;
Free grace my pardon seals,
Through Thy atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance brings,
Of peace with Thee my God.

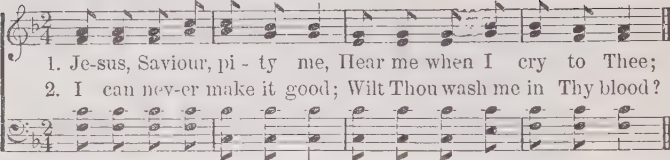
3.

O speak, and I will hear;
Command, and I obey,
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way;
Keep Thou my wandering heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

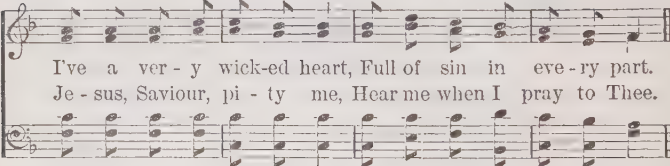
From "Bright Jewels," by per, Biglow & Main.

MRS. MARIE LUNDIE DUNCAN.

ARR.

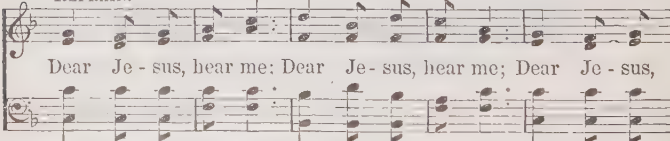


1. Je-sus, Saviour, pi - ty me, Hear me when I cry to Thee;
2. I can nev-er make it good; Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood?

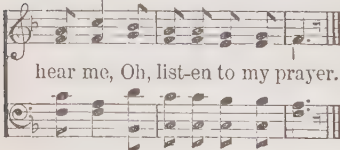


I've a ver - y wick-ed heart, Full of sin in eve-ry part.
Je - sus, Saviour, pi - ty me, Hear me when I pray to Thee.

REFRAIN.



Dear Je - sus, hear me: Dear Je - sus, hear me; Dear Je - sus,



hear me, Oh, list-en to my prayer.

3.
When I try to do Thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still,
And I soon do something bad;
Then my heart is dark and sad.

4.
Now I come to Thee for aid,
All my hope on Thee is stayed;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will give myself to Thee.

Tune—"Seymour." 7s. Key F.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

2 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Bp. G. W. Doane, 1824.

SAVIOUR, WALK BESIDE US.

35

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER, 1875.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Saviour, walk Thou still beside us; Weak and wayward are our feet:
2. Tender are Thy words of blessing, Cheering us on as we go;
3. Lord, impart Thy great salva-tion, Flowing full and free to all:



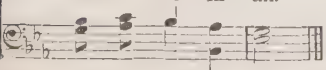
Safe-ly thro' the ma-zes guide us Till we reach Thy mer-cy - seat.
All our sins to Thee confessing, Wash our souls as white as snow.
Short will be our earth-probation; Fit us for the heavenly call.



Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Give us of Thy bread to eat.
Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Make us Thine while here below.
Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Be to us our all in all,



of Thy bread to eat.
Thine while here below.
us our all in all.



4.

By and by when death shall find us,
And we lay our burdens down,
We shall leave the cross behind us,
And take up the shining crown.

Precious Saviour,

Precious Saviour,

'Take from Thee the shining crown.

ANON.

H. S. PERKINS.



1. Lit - tle ones are oft - en sor - ry For the naughty things they do;
2. Let us tell him all our troub - le, Tell Him we are sor - ry too;
3. We will tell it all to Je - sus, All our want and all our woe;



Trou - bles reach us all, and wor - ry Lit - tle hearts and big ones too.
 He will do us kind - ness doub - le, Help us to be good and true.
 None but Je - sus can re - lieve us, None but Je - sus loves us so.



CHORUS.



Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do;
 Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do;
 Yes, tell Je - sus, yes, tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do;



Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do.
 Then tell Je - sus, then tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do.
 Yes, tell Je - sus, yes, tell Je - sus, That's the best thing we can do.



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

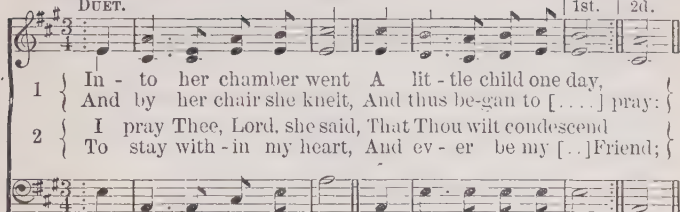
37

HODGES REID.

J. OSGOOD.

DUET.

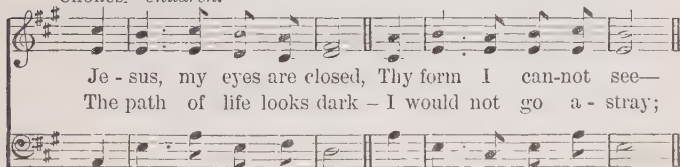
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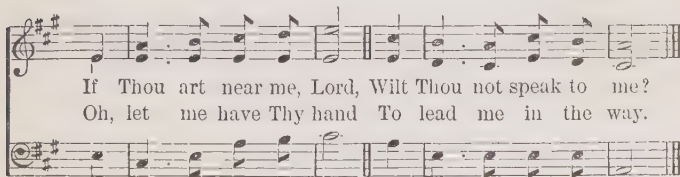
1 { In - to her chamber went A lit - tle child one day,
And by her chair she knelt, And thus be-gan to [...] pray: }

2 { I pray Thee, Lord, she said, That Thou wilt condescend
To stay with - in my heart, And ev - er be my [...] Friend; }

CHORUS.—*Children.*



Je - sus, my eyes are closed, Thy form I can-not see—
The path of life looks dark — I would not go a - stray;



If Thou art near me, Lord, Wilt Thou not speak to me?
Oh, let me have Thy hand To lead me in the way.

By permission.

Tune—"America." Key G. Page 22.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.</p> | <p>2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!</p> |
|--|--|

J. S. Dwight

Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. The morning bright with rosy light, Hath waked me from my sleep;
2. All thro' the day I humbly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide;



Dear Lord, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit-tle one doth keep.
My sins for-give, and let me live, Blest Je-sus, near Thy side.



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Tune—"I want to be an Angel."

7s, 6s & 8s. Key D.

- 1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

Wm. M. Whittemore. 1842.

Tune—"Seymour" 7s. Key F.

- 1 "Jesus, let a little child
Humbly supplicate Thy throne:
Speak to me in accents mild,
O Thou great and holy One!
- 2 "Fill my youthful heart with grace.
Make it Thy beloved abode;
Show Thy reconciling face,
O my Father and my God!
- 3 "May I early learn Thy ways.
Early know Thy power and love;

Then devote to Thee my days,
Till I am removed above."

Tune—"Martyn," 7s Double. Key F.

- 1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as the dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below,
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.
- 2 If he hears the raven's cry,
If His ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

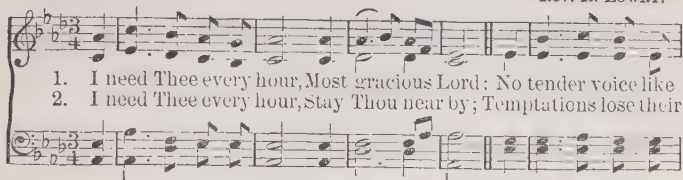
Fanny J. Crosby.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

39

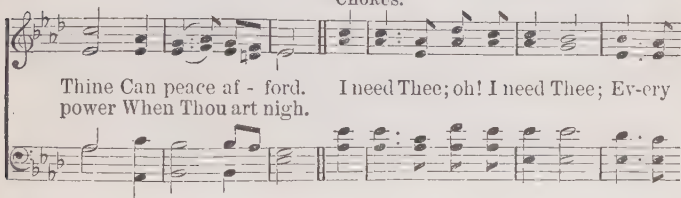
Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

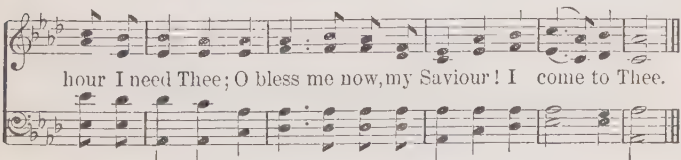


1. I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee every hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their

CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee; oh! I need Thee; Ev-ery
power When Thou art nigh.



hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

From "Royal Diadem," by per. Biglow & Main.

Tune—Dennis, S. M. Key F.

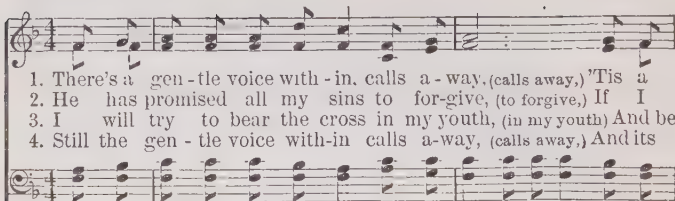
1.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

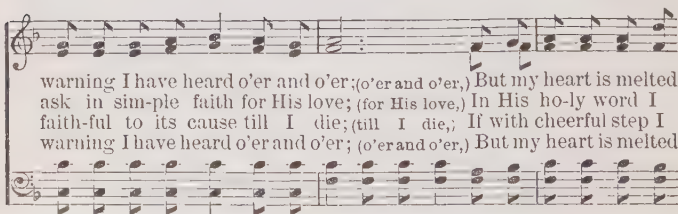
2.

Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

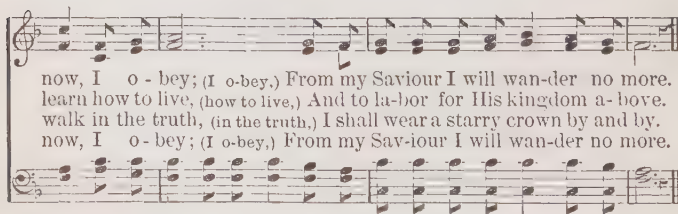
P. Doddridge.



1. There's a gen - tle voice with - in, calls a - way, (calls away,) 'Tis a
 2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, (to forgive,) If I
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth) And be
 4. Still the gen - tle voice with-in calls a-way, (calls away,) And its

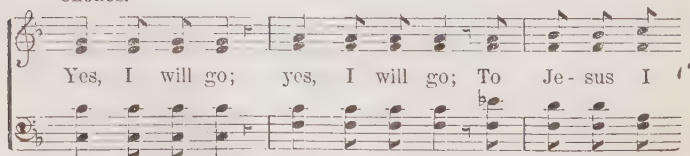


warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melted
 ask in sim-ple faith for His love; (for His love,) In His ho-ly word I
 faith-ful to its cause till I die; (till I die,) If with cheerful step I
 warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melted



now, I o - bey; (I o-bey,) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.
 learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la-bor for His kingdom a-bove.
 walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a starry crown by and by.
 now, I o - bey; (I o-bey,) From my Sav-iour I will wan-der no more.

CHORUS.



Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I

TO JESUS I WILL GO.—Concluded.

41

will go and be saved; Yes, I will go, Yes, I will

go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

LITTLE GENTLE BREATH.

Words arr. by F. J. C.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Lit - tle gen - tle breath, Com - ing and go - ing a - way, Who
2. Lit - tle bu - sy heart, Beat - ing, still beat - ing a - way, Who
3. We, by God are kept Al - ways by night and by day; Our

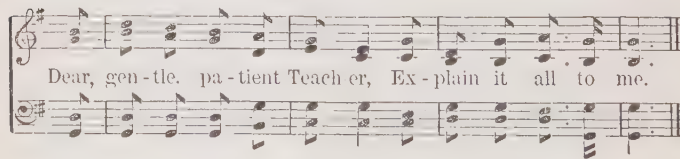
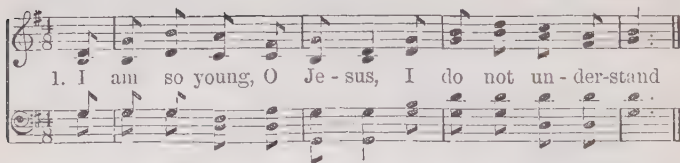
keeps you com - ing, com - ing, By night as well as by day?
 keeps you beat - ing, beat - ing, By night as well as by day?
 breath and heart so bus - y, Are beat - ing, beat - ing a - way.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

During the singing of the first verse, let each child move his right hand to and from his mouth. In the second verse let each child put his right hand on his heart, and when "beating, beating away," is sung, let the chest be struck gently, to imitate the beating of the heart. During the singing of the last verse, let all these motions be repeated; and during the last two lines, let the hands be folded across the breast. This song may also be sung to the air: "A life on the ocean wave."

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



2.

Is it to trust Thy promise,
And simply to believe.
Like trusting in my mother,
Whose love I would not grieve?
Her word is very precious,
And all in all to me;
Is this the "faith," dear Saviour,
That I may bring to Thee?

3.

Thou lovest little children,
May I that love receive?
I long to be Thy dear one,
Wilt Thou my sin forgive?
I seem to hear a whisper,
"Yes, darling, come to Me."
Reach down Thy hand, dear Jesus,
And draw me close to Thee.

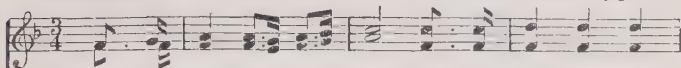
From "Songs of Grace and Glory," by per.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK!

43

MARY HARNEY GILL.

HUBERT P. MAIN. by per.



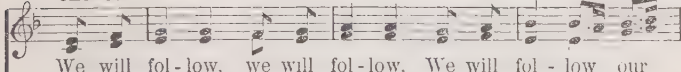
1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no dan-ger we
2. We are ti-ny and weak, But our Shep-herd is



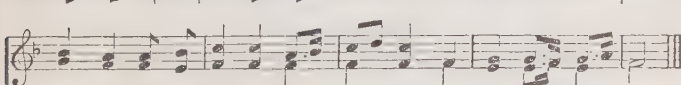
fear, When the voice and the call of The Shep-herd we hear.
strong; From the wolf He de-fend-eth Us, all the day long.



CHORUS.



We will fol-low, we will fol-low, We will fol-low our



Shep-herd, We will fol-low our Shep-herd, While He is so near.



3.

O that all the dear lambs
Had a heart to reply,
When the great Shepherd calls
From His fold in the sky. *Cho.*

Copyright 1875, by Hubert P. Main.

THE HUMBLE HEART.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Dear Saviour, let Thy watchful eye, Pro - tect me day by day;
2. I want Thy Spir-it's gen-tle pow'r, My constant guide to be;
3. In sweet sub-mis-sion may I walk, A - long the shin-ing way,



That from the pre-cious fold I love, My heart may nev-er stray.
 I want Thy love, Thy ten-der care, To bind me close to Thee.
 'Till Thou my Sav-iour call me home, "To realms of endless day."



CHORUS.



Make me hum-ble, lov-ing, du-ti-ful; Make Thy home within me



beau-ti-ful; Cleanse my heart from sin; Let no stran-ger in.



From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

MY SHEPHERD.

45

Miss M. ELSIE THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would

lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still; In the green pastures low,
ter - ri - fy With sud-den chill,—Yet I am not a - fraid;

Where liv-ing waters flow, Safe by Thy side I go. Fear-ing no ill.
While soft-ly on my head Thy tender hand is laid, I fear no ill.

Tune—"My Shepherd."

1 Lord, do not leave me !
I'm but an erring child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But Thou art strong and wise,
No ill can Thee surprise;
Beneath Thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me,
Holding Thy land;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

M. Elsie Thalheimer.

From "Book of Praise," by per. Biglow & Main.

MISS ANNIE WARNER.

THOMAS F. SEWARD, by per.

1. O lit-tle child, lie still and sleep, Je-sus is near, Thou needst not fear;
2. O lit-tle child, lie still and rest: He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps,

No one need fear whom God doth keep, By day or night;
And in the morn-ing wake so blest, His child to be;

Then lay thee down in slum-ber deep, Till morn-ing light,
Love ev-ery one, but love Him best, He first loved thee.

From "*Sunnyside Glee Book*," by per.

Tune—"Hendon," Key G. 7s.

- 1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my Friend.
Then my bliss shall never end.

Mary Masters.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

47

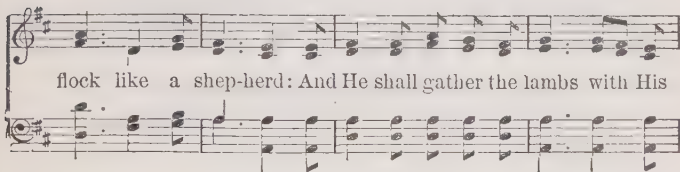
HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



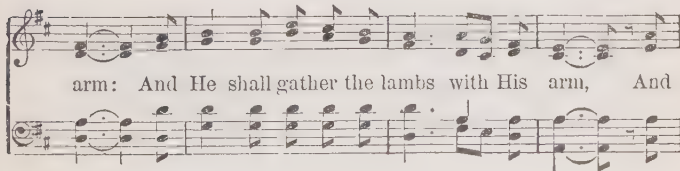
He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His



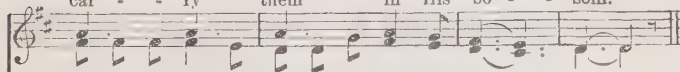
flock like a shep-herd: And He shall gather the lambs with His



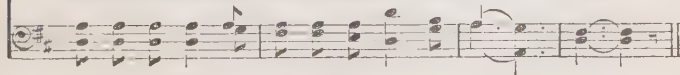
arm: And He shall gather the lambs with His arm, And



car - - ry them in His bo - - som.



car-ry the lambs, and car-ry them in His bo - - som.



J. KEBLE, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids

Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee
gent-ly sleep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

from Thy servant's eyes.
on my Saviour's breast!

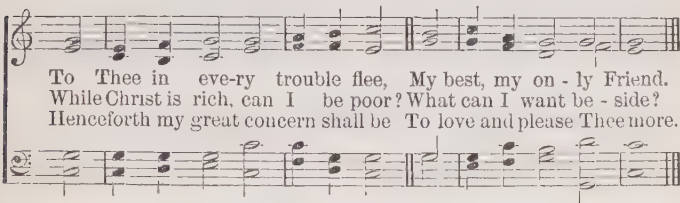
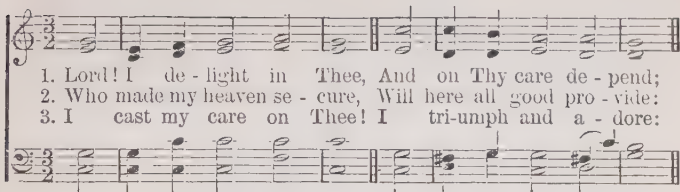
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

RYLAND.

Dr. L. MASON, 1832.



Tune—"I was a wandering sheep."
 S. M. D. Key F.

Tune—"All to Him I owe," P. M.
 Key E \flat .

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside?
 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 2 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His
 blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole:
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wand'ring sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the
 fold—
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

Watts.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small,
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in Me thine all in all.
- CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe;
 Sin had left a crimson stain;
 He washed it white as snow.
- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy blood, and Thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garment white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

Mrs. E. M Hall, 1865.

Tune—Olivet. 6s & 4s. Key G.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

Tune—"Near the Cross," Key F.

- 1 I was but a little lamb
From the Shepherd straying,
When I heard within my heart
Some one softly saying:—
Cho.—"Follow me, follow me,
I will safely guide thee
Thro' the stormy ways of life,
Walking close beside thee."
- 2 Into danger I would go
But for this protection;
I should miss of heaven, I know,
But for this direction:—
- 3 Never turning from that voice,
Never disobeying,
Let me know that unto me
Christ is always saying:—
- 4 Early to His loving care
Shall my heart be given,
For each step I take with Him
Brings me nearer heaven.

Cho.—"Follow me, follow me,"
Is the Saviour saying
Unto every little lamb
Who from Him is straying.
Josephine Pollard, 1875.

Tune—Sweet Story. P. M. Key E \flat .

1.

I think when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs
to his fold,
I should like to have been with
them then.

2.

I wish that his hands had been
placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen his kind
look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto
me."

3.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in his love
And if I thus earnestly seek him
below,
I shall see Him and hear Him
above;

4.

In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and for-
given;
And many dear children are gather-
ing there,
"For of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

Mrs. Jemima Luke, 1841.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant. 51

UNKNOWN.



- 1 The Lord is my shepherd: I | shall not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters,
- 3 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's — | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for 'Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever.|| A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

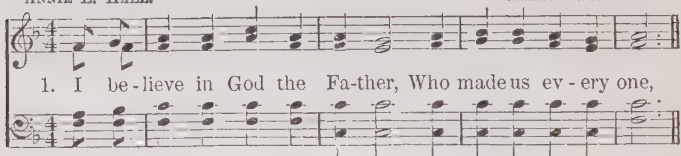
TALLIS.



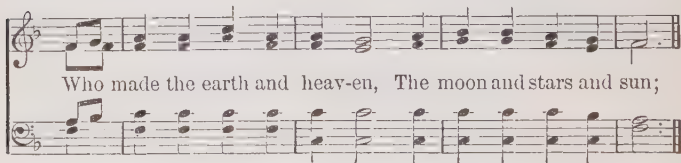
- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on | earth-as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever ·
and | ever. A- | men.

ANNIE E. HALL.

JAMES R. MURRAY.



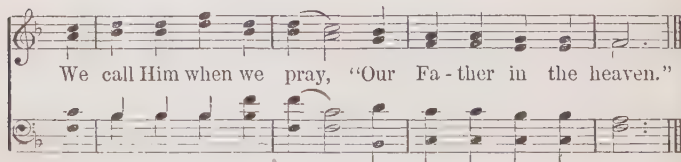
1. I be-lieve in God the Fa-ther, Who made us ev-ery one,



Who made the earth and heav-en, The moon and stars and sun;



All that we have each day, To us by Him is given;



We call Him when we pray, "Our Fa-ther in the heaven."

2 I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's "only Son,"
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one;
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died:
And now we call Him Saviour,
And Christ the crucified.

3 I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day;
And if we do not grieve it,
He will ne'er go away;
From heaven upon Jesus,
He descended like a dove;
And He dwelleth ever with us
To fill our hearts with love.

O HOW I LOVE JESUS. Arr. by H. P. M. 53

O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus,
How can I for - get Thee, How can I for - get Thee,

O how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me.
How can I for - get Thee, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

Tune—"Martyn," 7s. Double. Key F.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

Tune—"Jesus loves me." Key E \flat .

- 1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me when I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.
- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

Miss Anna Warner. 1859.

MARY GILLETTE.

MARY GILLETTE. (Aged 9 years.)

Je - sus, I love Thee! be Thou my Friend; Guide me, oh,

guide me till life shall end; Je - sus, I love Thee!

dwell in my heart: Nev - er, oh, nev - er from me de - part.

From "The Casket," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

Tune—Old, Old Story.

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.
2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Cho.—Tell me the old, &c.

Miss Kate Hankey. 1867.

LOVE THE SAVIOUR.

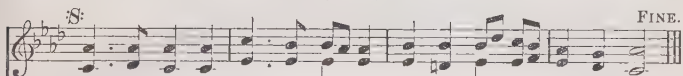
55

ANON.

Air, Mozart, Arr. by H. P. M.

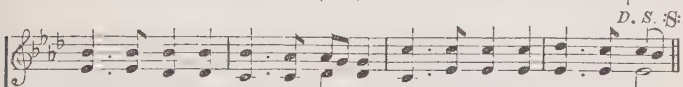


1. Lit-tle children, love the Saviour, Turn your wayward hearts to Him,



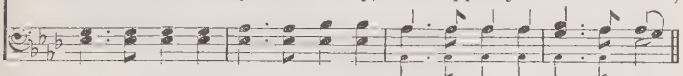
FINE.

He will guide you, He will lead you, Thro' life's pathway, dark and dim;
D.S. He'll protect, and love, and bless you, For like you His an-gels are.



D.S.

Lean on Him when you are wea-ry, He'll support you with fond care;



2 Far away from mortal vision
Lies a land celestial bright,
Where a band of white-robed seraphs
Chase away the shades of night;
Where ne'er comes a thought of
evil

To disturb the holy calm;
For God shields His precious children
From all fear of troubling harm.

3 Jesus died for you, dear children,
Died that you might happy be;
That you might from sin and anguish
Be at last for ever free.

Can you, will you slight His goodness,
Walk in sinful pleasure's ways,
And forget your daily duties,
Offering Him your prayers and
praise?

4 Oh! there's joy in rightly doing,
Never found in vice or sin;
Then obey the risen Saviour,
If a home in heaven you'd win.
Read the Bible: it will point you
To bright scenes of bliss on high,
Where there's rest for all the weary,
And our loved ones never die.

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1st.

1 { Children, do you love each other? Are you always kind and true? }
 { Do you always do to oth-ers As you'd [.....Omit.....] }
 2 { Lit - tle children, love each other; Never give each oth - er pain; }
 { If your brother speak in anger, Answer [.....Omit.....] }

2d.

1st.

2d.

have them do to you? { Are you gen-tle to each oth-er? }
 { Are you careful day by [..Omit..] day? }
 not in wrath a - gain. { Be not self-ish to each oth-er; }
 { Nev-er spoil an-oth-er's [..Omit..] rest; }

Not to give offence by ac-tions, Nor by an - y thing you say?
 Strive to make each other happy, And you will yourselves be blest.

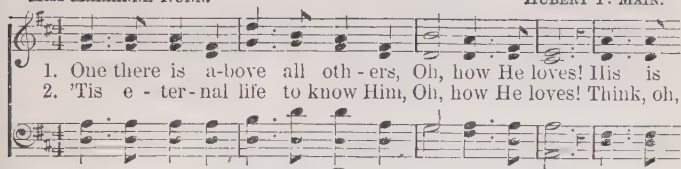
Not to give offence by ac-tions. Nor by an - y thing you say?
 Strive to make each other happy, And you will yourselves be blest.

OH, HOW HE LOVES.

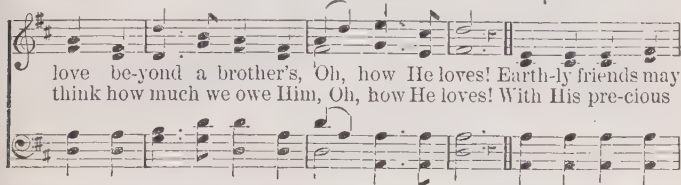
57

MISS MARIANNE NUNN.

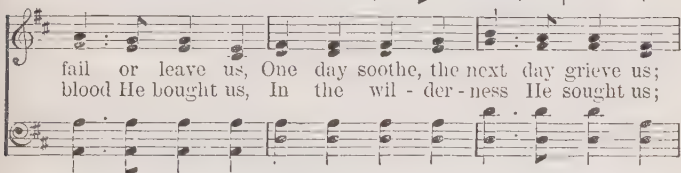
HUBERT P. MAIN.



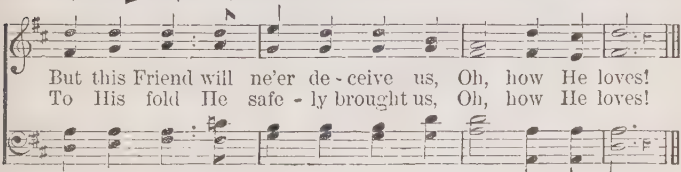
1. One there is a-bove all oth-ers, Oh, how He loves! His is
2. 'Tis e-ter-nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh,



love be-yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earth-ly friends may
think how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre-cious



fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
blood He bought us, In the wil-der-ness He sought us;



But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe-ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!

3.

4.

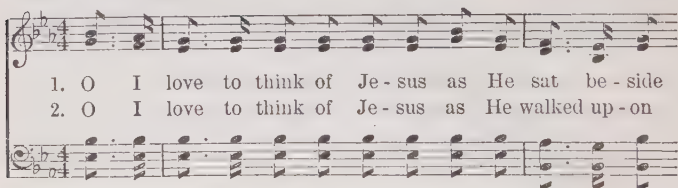
Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you.
Nought but good shall e'er betide you
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

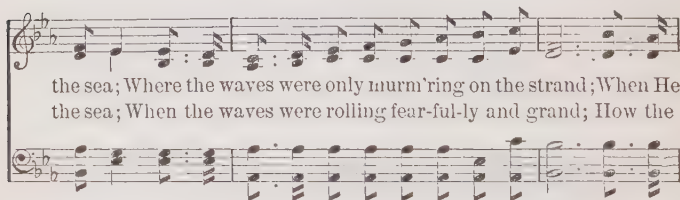
From "Winnowed Hymns," by per. Biglow & Main.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

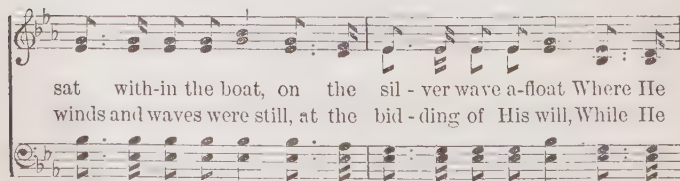
GEO. F. ROOT.



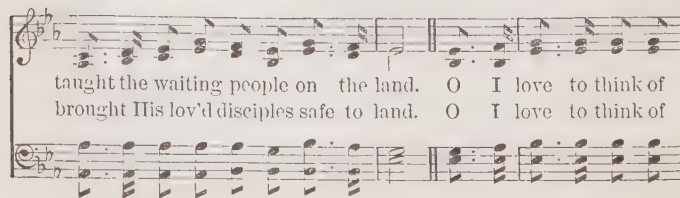
1. O I love to think of Je - sus as He sat be - side
2. O I love to think of Je - sus as He walked up - on



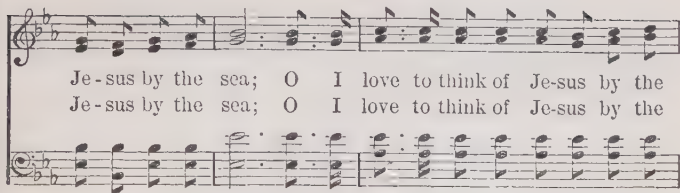
the sea; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the strand; When He
the sea; When the waves were rolling fear-ful-ly and grand; How the



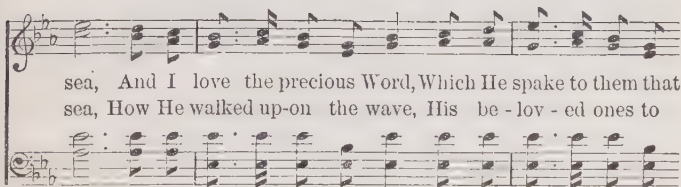
sat with-in the boat, on the sil - ver wave a-float Where He
winds and waves were still, at the bid - ding of His will, While He



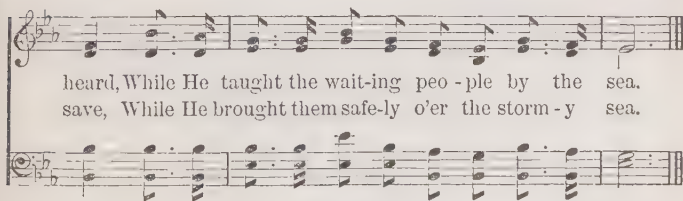
taught the waiting people on the land. O I love to think of
brought His lov'd disciples safe to land. O I love to think of



Je-sus by the sea; O I love to think of Je-sus by the
 Je-sus by the sea; O I love to think of Je-sus by the



sea, And I love the precious Word, Which He spake to them that
 sea, How He walked up-on the wave, His be-lov-ed ones to



heard, While He taught the wait-ing peo-ple by the sea.
 save, While He brought them safe-ly o'er the storm-y sea.

3.

O I love to think of Jesus as He walked beside the sea;
 Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
 How He bade them follow Him and forsake the paths of sin,
 And to be His true disciples evermore.

||: O I love to think of Jesus by the sea; :||

And I long to leave my all,
 At my dear Redeemer's call,
 And His true disciple evermore to be.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that Our Fa - ther in Heaven Tells of His
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the

love in the Book He has given; } I am so glad that
dear - est, that Je - sus loves me. {

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, I am so

glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves even me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though I forget Him and wander
away,
Kindly He follows whenever I
stray,
Back to His dear loving arms
would I flee, [me]
When I remember that Jesus loves
I am so glad, etc.</p> | <p>3 Oh, if there's only one song I can
sing,
When in His beauty I see the great
King;
This shall my song in eternity be
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus
loves me.
I am so glad, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

From "Sunshine," by per. John Church & Co.

JESUS EVER NEAR.

61

Rev. F. W. FABEL.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Dear Sav-iour, ev - er at my side! How loving Thou must be,

To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard A lit - tle child like me!

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin-ing face I see not, tho' so near;

The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.

2.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pleasure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me; [know,
And when my heart loves God, I
The sweetness is from Thee.

3.

And when dear Saviour. I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me Thou art there.
Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest, too—
Thy prayer is all for me,
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

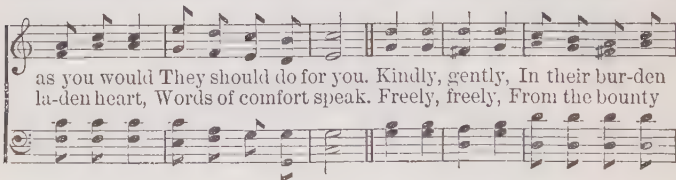
From "Golden Chain," by per. Biglow & Main.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

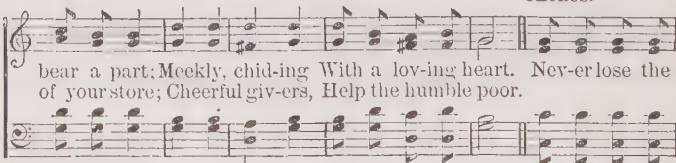


1. Never lose the gold-en rule, Keep it still in view; Do for oth - ers
2. Help the feeble ones along, Cheer the faint and weak; To the sorrow-

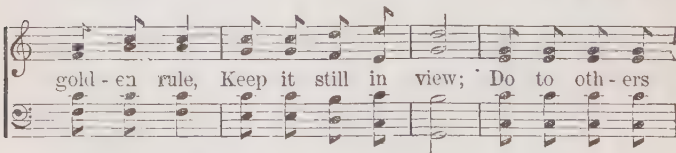


as you would They should do for you. Kindly, gently, In their bur-den
la-den heart, Words of comfort speak. Freely, freely, From the bounty

CHORUS.

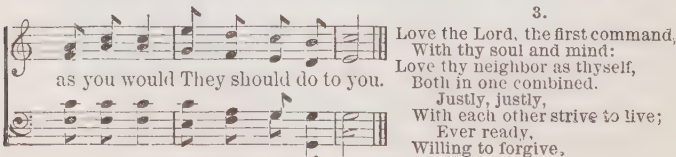


bear a part; Meekly, chid-ing With a lov-ing heart. Nev-er lose the
of your store; Cheerful giv-ers, Help the humble poor.



gold - en rule, Keep it still in view; Do to oth - ers

3.



as you would They should do to you.

Love the Lord, the first command,
With thy soul and mind:
Love thy neighbor as thyself,
Both in one combined.
Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live;
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive,

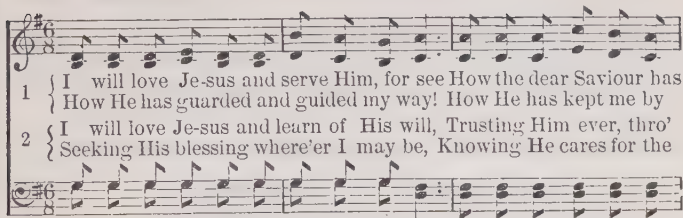
From "New Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

I WILL LOVE JESUS.

63

Mrs. PAULINA BLISS.

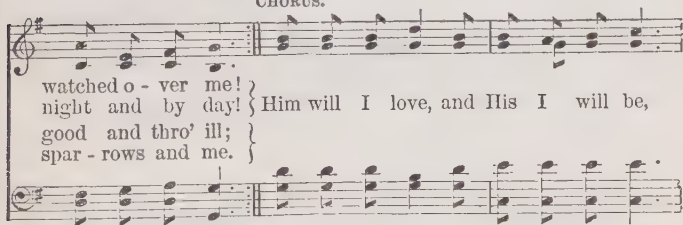
Mrs P. P. BLISS.



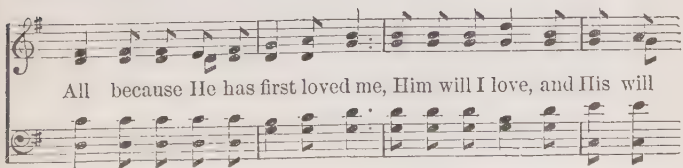
1 { I will love Je-sus and serve Him, for see How the dear Saviour has
How He has guarded and guided my way! How He has kept me by

2 { I will love Je-sus and learn of His will, Trusting Him ever, thro'
Seeking His blessing where'er I may be, Knowing He cares for the

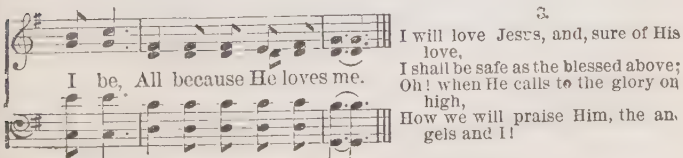
CHORUS.



watched o - ver me! }
night and by day! } Him will I love, and His I will be,
good and thro' ill; }
spar - rows and me. }



All because He has first loved me, Him will I love, and His will



I be, All because He loves me.

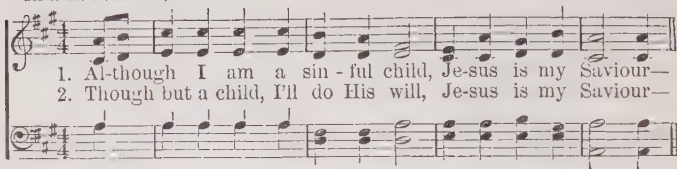
3. I will love Jesus, and, sure of His
love,
I shall be safe as the blessed above;
Oh! when He calls to the glory on
high,
How we will praise Him, the an-
gels and I!

From "Sunshine," by per. John Church & Co.

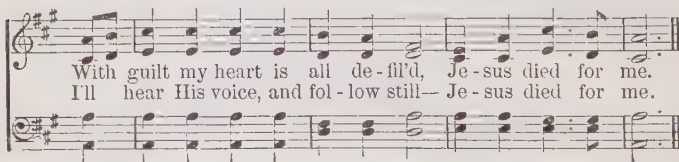
JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Mrs. H. N. BEERS.

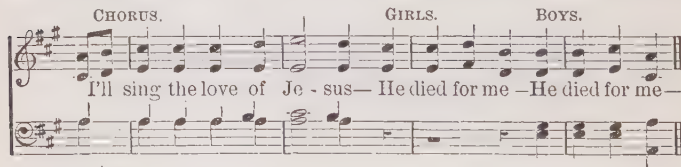
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



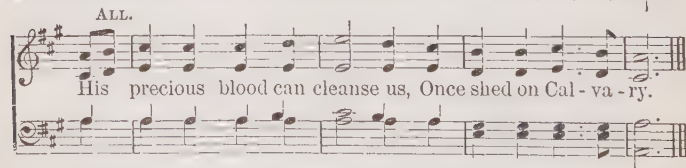
1. Al-though I am a sin-ful child, Je-sus is my Saviour—
2. Though but a child, I'll do His will, Je-sus is my Saviour—



With guilt my heart is all de-fil'd, Je-sus died for me.
I'll hear His voice, and fol-low still— Je-sus died for me.



CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS.
I'll sing the love of Je-sus— He died for me—He died for me—



ALL.
His pre-cious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Cal-va-ry.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.</p> <p>4 And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.</p> | <p>5 When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.</p> <p>Спо.—There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me, who died
for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

COME, AND LEARN OF JESUS.

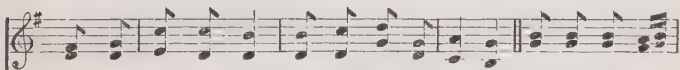
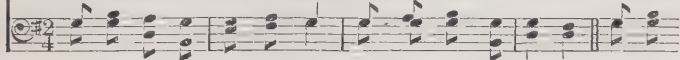
65

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. Lit - tle children, ev - ery one, Come and learn of Je - sus, What a
2. Do not lin - ger, haste a - way, Come and learn of Je - sus, In our
3. Once He came from heaven to earth, Come and learn of Je - sus, He was



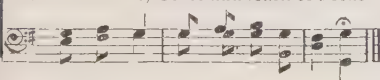
work His love has done, Come and learn of Je - sus: Oft we have the
Sun - day school to - day, Come and learn of Je - sus: Loving friends will
meek, of low - ly birth, Come and learn of Je - sus: Then He died for



sto - ry told, Of the Sav - iour's pre - cious fold; But to us it
tell you there, How to seek His ten - der care;—Come and kneel with
you and me, Died from sin to make us free; O! how thank - ful



ne'er grows old, Come and learn of Jesus.
us in prayer; Come and learn of Jesus.
we should be, Come and learn of Jesus.



4.

Come and join the songs we raise,
Come and learn of Jesus,
They are songs of joy and praise,
Come and learn of Jesus:
Happy children young as we,
Now His face in glory see
There perhaps our home may be,
Come and learn of Jesus.

KATE CAMERON.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Good news for lit - tle chil-dren, Who-ev - er they may be; To
 2. How - ev - er poor and need - y, How-ev - er weak and small, The

them the lov - ing Sav - iour Has said, "Come un - to me."
 boundless love of Je - sus En - cir - cles one and all.

CHORUS, to be chanted.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and for - bid them not;

For of..... such is the kingdom of Heaven.

3.

None are too young to love Him;
 None are too young to know
 The name of Him who saves them
 From endless death and woe.—*Cho.*

From "Glad Tidings," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

LITTLE CHILDREN, COME TO JESUS. 67

ANON.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Lit-tle children, come to Je-sus; Hear Him saying, "Come to Me!"
2. Lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble, Giv - en from the heaven a-bove;



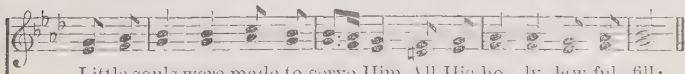
CHORUS. *Lit-tle children, come to Je-sus; Hear Him saying, "Come to Me!"*



Blessed Je-sus, who to save us, Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry!
Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love;



Blessed Je-sus, who to save us, Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry!



Little souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly law ful - fill;
Little tongues to sing His prais-es, Lit-tle feet to walk His ways;



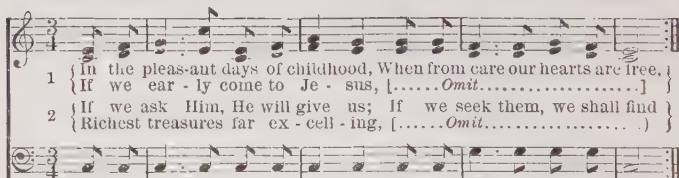
Lit-tle hearts were made to love Him, Little hands to do His will.
Lit-tle bod - ies to be tem-ples Where the Holy Spir-it, stays.



From "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

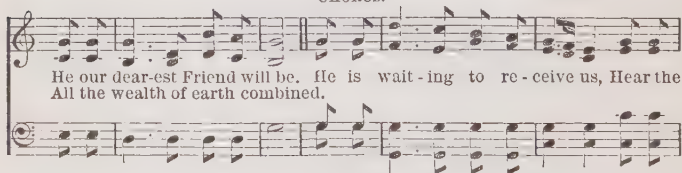
EDWARD ROBERTS.



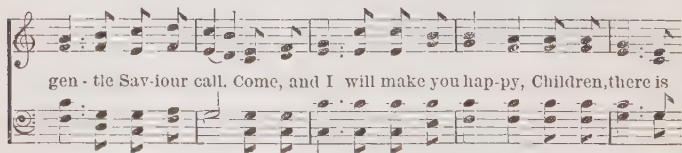
1 { In the pleas-ant days of childhood, When from care our hearts are free,
If we ear-ly come to Je-sus, [.....*Omit*.....] }

2 { If we ask Him, He will give us; If we seek them, we shall find
Richest treasures far ex-cel-ling, [.....*Omit*.....] }

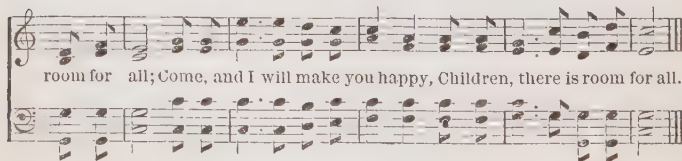
CHORUS.



He our dear-est Friend will be. He is wait-ing to re-ceive us, Hear the
All the wealth of earth combined.



gen-tle Sav-iour call. Come, and I will make you hap-py, Children, there is



room for all; Come, and I will make you happy, Children, there is room for all.

3.

With His precious word to guide us
In the straight and narrow way,
Let us try to follow Jesus,
Try to serve Him day by day.

4.

If to age our youth should ripen,
E'er we leave this vale of tears,
Sweet to think we gave to Jesus
Early childhood's sunny years,

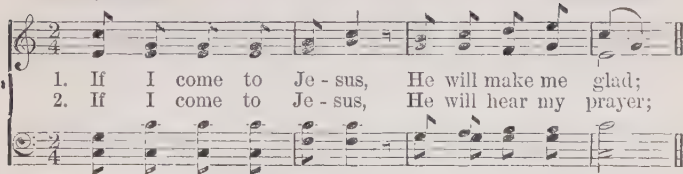
From "Apples of Gold," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

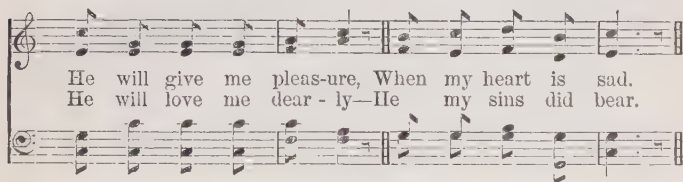
69

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

W. H. DOANE.



1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad;
2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer;

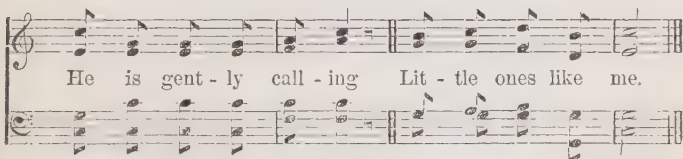


He will give me pleas-ure, When my heart is sad.
He will love me dear - ly—He my sins did bear.

CHORUS.



If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py shall I be ;



He is gent - ly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

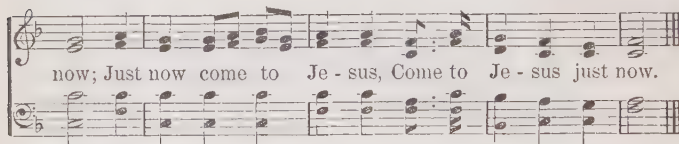
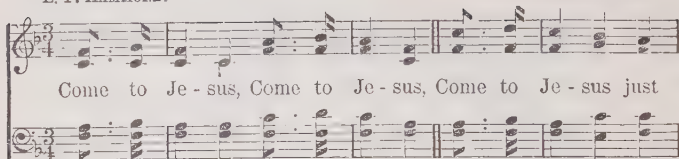
3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There with happy children
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In that world so bright.

From "Silver Spray," by per. W. H. Doane.

E. P. HAMMOND.

J. HART, arr.



2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.*Tune—"I love to tell the Story." Key A_h.*

1 I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell.
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me;
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;

And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below:
He never will forget me,
Because He loved me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go.
To sing among His angels,
Because He loved me so.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. 1867.

WE CAN TELL.

71

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Lit - tle chil - dren, one and all, We have heard the Sav - iour call ;
2. Je - sus came from heav'n a - bove, Bringing par - don, peace and love ;
3. From the grave He rose to - day ; This is why we meet to pray ;



In our hearts we hear Him say, "Keep the ho - ly Sab bath day."
He was slain by cru - el men, But the Sav - iour lives a - gain.
This is why we love to sing Glo - ry to our Sav - iour King.



CHORUS.



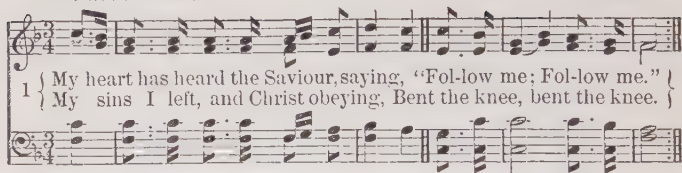
In His word, We have heard Why we ought to love and praise Him ;



We can tell Why the bell Sweet - ly, sweet - ly, rings to - day.



From "Royal Diadem," by per. Biglow & Main.



A little Christian boy of eight years, as he was dying, said to those about his bed: "I've been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus." This expression has in it one of the clearest descriptions of religion that could be given to a child.

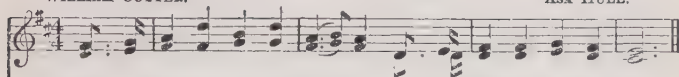
- 2 The footsteps of my blessed Saviour
 Mine shall be, mine shall be:
 Like His my words, my whole behavior,
 All shall see, all shall see.
 My heart be like the Saviour's mind,
 My words like His be ever kind,
 Till in my soul I nothing find,
 Unlike Thee, unlike Thee.
- 3 In heaven at last THE LAMB that leads us,
 We shall see, we shall see;
 While with the heavenly joy He feeds us,
 Glad and free! Glad and free!
 The lambs that follow Him below
 With Him through heavenly fields shall go,
 And all His wondrous love He'll show,
 Unto me, unto thee.

COME UNTO ME.

73

WILLIAM CUTTER.

ASA HULL.



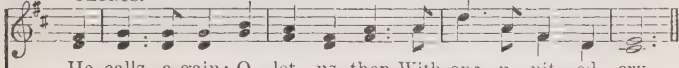
1. Hark! I hear the Saviour call-ing: "Lit-tle children, come to me;



I will bless you, save you, keep you, I from sin will set you free."



CHORUS.



He calls a-gain: O, let us, then, With one u-nit-ed cry,



The call o-bey, and humbly say - "Dear Je-sus, here am I."



2.
"Come," says Jesus, "in the morning
Of your bright and tender youth;
I will be your guide and helper,
I'm the Way, the Life, the Truth."

3.
"Come without a moment's waiting.
In your want and weakness come;
I will take you, I will love you,
I will bring you to my home."

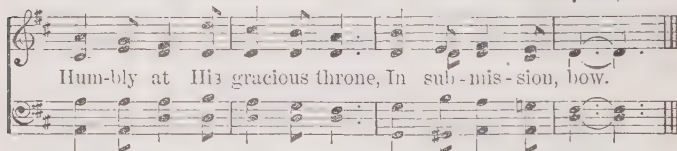
4.
"Come, for 'twas to seek and save you,
I to earth from Heaven came down;
Come, that I may have and hold you
In my everlasting crown."

5.
"Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
Little child, whoe'er thou art;
I for thee myself have given;
Give me back thyself—thy heart."

From "The Casket," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

E. TURNEY, D. D.

HENRY N. WHITNEY. 1865.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean,
He will hear your prayer.</p> | <p>3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.</p> |
|--|---|

From "Christian Songs," by per. of H. N. Whitney.

Tune—"Sweet by and by." Key G.

- 1 Little children to Jesus belong,
And He calls them lambs of His fold:
The dear Shepherd is tender and strong,
He will shelter them safe from the cold.
- Cho.—In the sweet by and by, by and by,
We shall meet our dear Lord by and by;
In the sweet by and by, by and by,
We shall meet by the bright silver sea.
- 2 He will carry the lambs in His breast,
He will shield them from sin's chilling blast,
By still waters will lead them to rest,
On the green sloping meadows at last.
- 3 Jesus once was a child young as we,
And to us the sweet promise is given:
"Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 4 Will you come and unite in our song,
Praising Him who hath loved us so well?
Oh, then come and make one of our throng,
That we all in His kingdom may dwell.

Tune—"Come to the Saviour."

1.

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the
way, [day,
Here in our midst He's standing to-
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free; [Thee,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
In our eternal home.

2.

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His
voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our
choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3.

Think once again, He's with us to-
day; [obey;
Heed now His blest commands, and
Hear now His accents tenderly say?
"Will you, my children, come,"

Geo. F. Root.

From "the Prize," by per.

John Church & Co.

Tune—"Hamburg," L. M. Key F.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked
before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded
hands;
Oh! matchless kindness—and He
shows
This matchless kindness to His
foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will! the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
His feet, departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or, the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Rev. J. Grigg.

*Tune—"Fresh Laurels," Page 50, by per.
Biglow & Main.*

1 Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love Him;
Come to that fountain; oh, drink
and live!

Freely, freely, freely;
Come to that fountain! oh, drink
and live!

Flowing for those that love Him.

Cho.—The spirit and the bride say,
Freely, freely, freely; [come;
And he that is thirsty, let him come;
And drink of the water of life,
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing;
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in
heaven,

Freely, freely, freely;

Jesus has promised a home in
heaven

Freely to those that love Him;

Treasures unfading will there be
given

Freely, freely, freely;

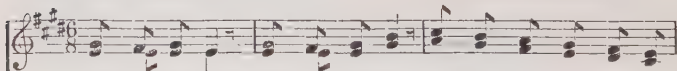
Treasures unfading will there be
given

Freely to those that love Him.

Fanny J. Crosby. 1867.

REV. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no
 2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Je-sus, your Saviour, will



oth-er can do: Do it so bravely, so kind-ly, so well,
 ear-ry you thro'; Cit-y, and mansion, and throne all in sight,



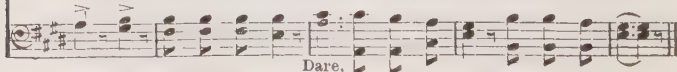
CHORUS.



Angels will hasten the sto-ry to tell. Dare, dare, dare to do right!
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?



Dare, dare, dare to be true!.. Dare to be true! dare to be true!



Dare,

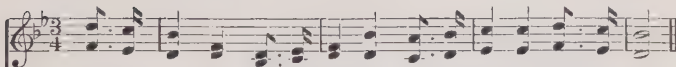
From "New Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

77

ANON.

J. H. TENNEY.



CHO.-1. Up and do - ing, lit - tle Christian, Up and do-ing while 'tis day;
2. Patience, patience, lit - tle Christian! No cross look or an - gry word;
3. Pray then, pray then, lit-tle Christian; Nev - er, nev - er cease to pray;



FINE.



Do the work the Mas-ter gives you, Do not loi - ter by the way,
Fol - low Him who died to save you.—Fol-low Je - sus Christ our Lord.
Pray for par - don, pray for blessing, Pray for mer - cy day by day:



For we all have work be - fore us, You, dear child, as well as I:
Help the suff - 'ring and the need - y, Help the poor whom Je - sus loves;
Ren-der thanks for all the mer - cies Which our Fa-ther sends to thee,



D.C. to Chorus.



Let us seek to learn our du - ty, And per-form it man-ful - ly.
Tell the sin - ner of the Sav-iour, Who still lives for us a - bove.
Most of all for the dear Sav-iour, Who once died on Cal - va - ry.



From "The Emerald," by permission.

Rev. T. H. STOCKTON.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



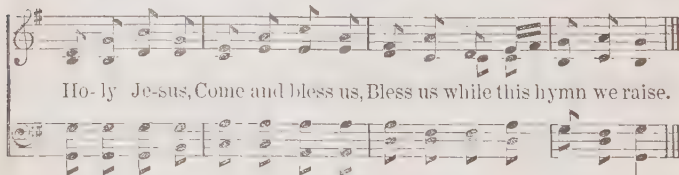
1. Little hearts, O Lord, may love Thee; Little minds may learn Thy ways;



Lit-tle hands and feet may serve Thee; Lit-tle voices sing Thy praise:



Ho-ly Je-sus, come and bless us, Bless us while this hymn we raise.



Ho-ly Je-sus, Come and bless us, Bless us while this hymn we raise.

2.

3.

Lo! the Lord's day come to cheer us:
 Truth and Love our teachers bring.
 Great Redeemer! be Thou near us,
 Make us grateful while we sing:
 ||: Loving Jesus, come and bless us,
 , Guard our weakness 'neath Thy
 wing. :||

Little ones, we stand before Thee,
 Larger shall we yearly grow;
 Help us ever to adore Thee,
 All through life Thy grace to
 show;
 ||: Then, O Jesus, come and bless us,
 Take us home from all below. :||

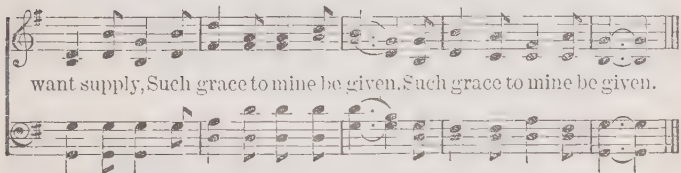
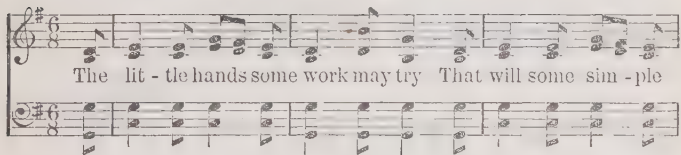
From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

O, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO.

79

Mrs. GRACE W. HINSDALE, 1864.

GEO. F. ROOT.



- 2 O, what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say—
||: Such grace to mine be given. :||
- 3 O, what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's Holy Book—
||: Such grace to mine be given. :||
- 4 O, what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
Young hearts, if He His Spirit send
Can love Him, Maker, Saviour, Friend,
||: Such grace to mine be given. :||

From "The Prize," by per. John Church & Co.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a
 2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je - sus, In His vine-yard,

word can do; Nev-er be a-fraid to own your Sav - iour,
 day by day; La - bor with a kind and will - ing spir - it,

CHORUS.

He, who loves and cares for you. Nev-er be a - afraid, Never
 He will all your toil re - pay.

be a - afraid, Nev-er, nev - er, nev - er; Je - sus is a

lov - ing Sav - iour; There-fore nev - er be a - afraid.

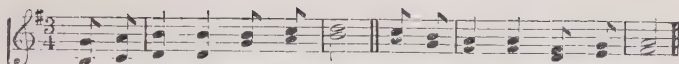
From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

LITTLE GIVERS.

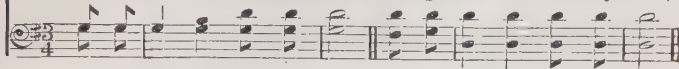
81

ANON.

ANON.



1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Tribute to your Heavenly King!
2. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and will-ing heart,
3. Give to all the darkened earth Tidings of a Heavenly birth,



Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs ascend the sky.
For the an - gel voic-es say, "Lit - tle giv-ers! give to - day."
Till the youth in every land Learn the Saviour's sweet command.



CHORUS.

1st.



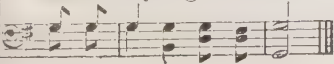
{ Grateful trib-ute will I bring Un-to Christ, my Sav-iour King;
{ Je - sus gave His life for me;—[..... *Omit*]



2d.



Hal - le - lu-jah! grace is free.



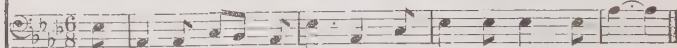
- 4 Little givers! come and pay
Willing tribute while you may:
Many offerings, though but small,
Make a large one from you all,
- 5 Give your heart, with holy love;
Give your praise like that above;
Life and all to Jesus give,
And in glory you shall live.

ANON.

W. O. PERKINS.



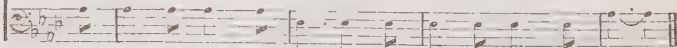
1. What can I give to Je-sus, Who gave his soul for me?
2. I'll give my soul to Je-sus, And calm-ly, glad-ly rest
3. I'll give my strength to Je-sus, Of foot, of head, of will;



How can I show my love to Him Who died on Cal-va-ry?
 Its youth-ful hopes and fond desires Up-on his lov-ing breast.
 Run where He sends, and ev-er strive His pleasure to ful-fill



I'll give my heart to Je-sus In childhood's ten-der spring;
 I'll give my mind to Je-sus, And seek in thoughtful hours
 I'll give my time to Je-sus: Oh, that each hour might be



I know that He will not des-pise The off'ring that I bring.
 His spir-it's grace to con-se-crate Its ear-ly opening powers.
 Filled up with ho-ly work for Him, Who spent His life for me.



From "Starry Crown," by per. W. O. Perkins.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

83

MISS ABBY HEWITT, 1854.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O
2. Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win, Fight

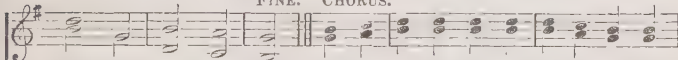


do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your Friend. He will
on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win. For the

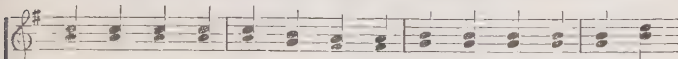
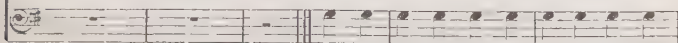


give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And
Sav-iour is your Captain, For the Sav-iour is your Captain, And

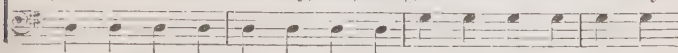
FINE. CHORUS.



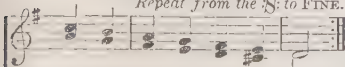
keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
He has vanquished sin.



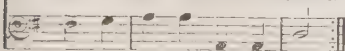
glad I'm in this ar-my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar-my.



Repeat from the S: to FINE.



And I'll bat-tle for the school.



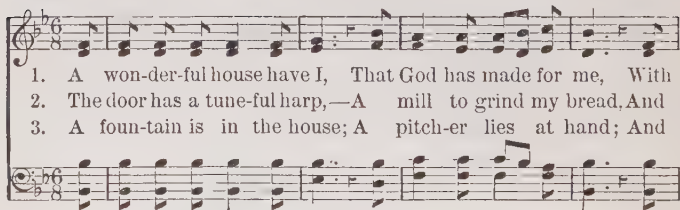
3 And when the conflict's over,
Before Him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before Him you shall stand;
You shall sing His praise forever,
You shall sing His praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land. - *Cho.*

From "Golden Chain," by per. Biglow & Main.

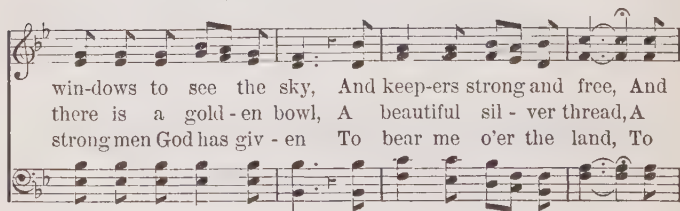
(A MOVEMENT SONG.)

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

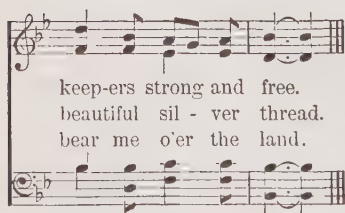
F. C. T.



1. A won-der-ful house have I, That God has made for me, With
 2. The door has a tune-ful harp,—A mill to grind my bread, And
 3. A foun-tain is in the house; A pitch-er lies at hand; And



win-dows to see the sky, And keep-ers strong and free, And
 there is a gold-en bowl, A beautiful sil-ver thread, A
 strong men God has giv-en To bear me o'er the land, To



keep-ers strong and free.
 beautiful sil-ver thread.
 bear me o'er the land.

- 4 The keepers must work for God;
 The harp must sing His praise;
 The windows look to heaven;
 The strong men walk His ways.
- 5 And when this house shall fall,
 As death at last shall come;
 The good have a better house
 Above in Jesus' home.

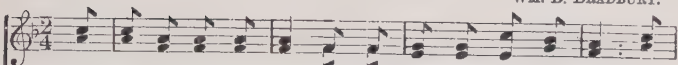
Let the teacher study and explain the allegory in Ecclesiastes, xii, 1-7. "Keepers"—hauds; "Strong men"—legs; "Grinders"—teeth; "Windows"—eyes; "Door"—mouth; "Music"—the voice; "Silver cord"—spinal cord; "Golden bowl"—top of scull; "Pitcher" and "Wheel"—lungs; "Cistern" and "Fountain"—heart; "Long Home"—grave. *It will add much to the interest, while singing, to touch the parts of the body symbolized, when it can be appropriately done.*

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS.

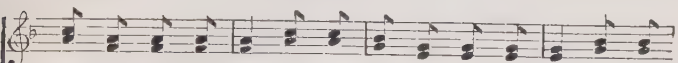
85

ANON.

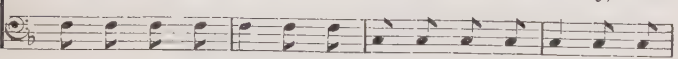
WM. B. BRADBURY.



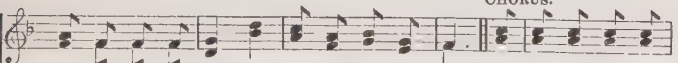
1. We'll try to be like Je - sus, The children's precious Friend, Far
2. We'll try to be like Je - sus, In bod - y and in mind; For



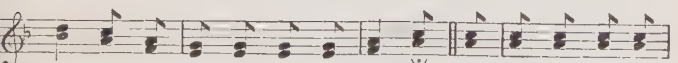
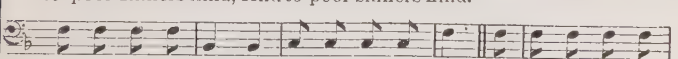
dear - er than a moth - er, A sis - ter, or a broth - er, He'll
pure He was and ho - ly, In tem - per meek and low - ly, And



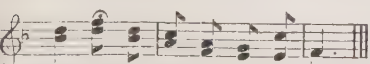
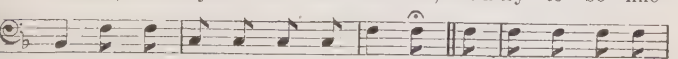
CHORUS.



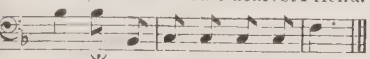
love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like
to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind.



Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, We'll try to be like



Je - sus, The children's dearest Friend.



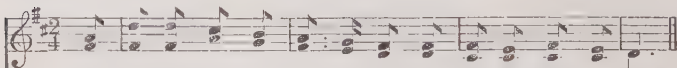
3.

We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story,
The ransomed sing on high.

From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. "I'll hie me down to yon-der bank," A lit-tle raindrop said—
2. "I may not lin-ger," said the brook. "But rip-ple on my way,
3. If lit-tle things that God has made Are useful in their kind,



"And try to cheer that lone-ly flow'r, And cool its moss-y bed;
And help the rills and riv-ers all To make the o-cean spray;
Oh! let us learn a sim-ple truth, And bear it in our mind;



Per-haps the breeze will chide me, Be-cause I am so small,
"And I must haste to la-bor," Replied the bu-sy bee,
That eve-ry child can praise Him, How-ev-er weak or small;



But sure-ly I must do my best, For God has work for all."
"The summer days are long and bright, And God has work for me,"
Let each with joy re-mem-ber this, The Lord has work for all.



From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

WHAT CAN I DO?

87

DANIEL MARCH D. D. 1869.

P. P. BLISS.

1. If you can-not cross the o-cean, And the hea-then lands explore,

You may find the hea-then near-er, You may help them at your door;

If you can-not give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite;

And the least you do for Je-sus Will be pre-cious in His sight.

2.

3.

If you cannot sing like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say "He died for all."
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children,
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

From "The Crown," by per. John Church & Co.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



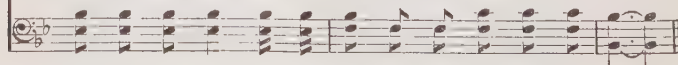
1. There is something on earth for the chil-dren to do, For the
2. There are sweet winning words to the wea-ry and sad, By their



child that is striv-ing to be Like the One who once murmured in
glad lov-ing lips to be said; There are hearts that are waiting by



ac - cents of love, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
some lit - tle hand, Un - to Je - sus, the Lord to be led.



FULL CHORUS.



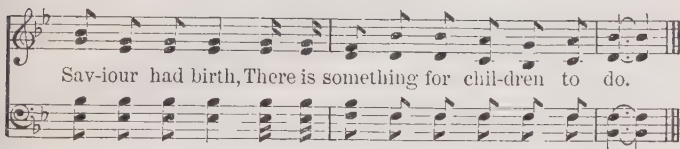
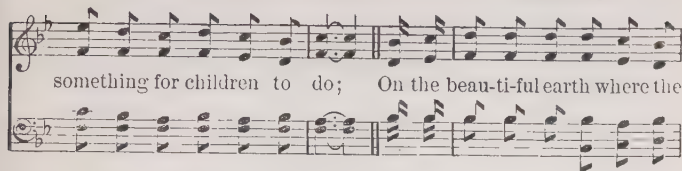
There is something to do, there is something to do; There is



Music from "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

Words from "Sabbath School Songs," by per. John Church & Co.

SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.—Concluded. 89



3 There are lessons to learn both at home and at school;

There are battles to fight for the right;

There's a watch to be kept over temper and tongue,

And God's help to be asked day and night.

4 There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,

Gentle words to be dropped by the way—

For the child that is seeking to follow the Lord,

There is something to do every day.

Tune—"Webb." 7s & 6s. Key B \flat .

- 1 It is God's mercy gives us
The sunshine and the rain,
That paints in verdant beauty
The mountain and the plain.
- 2 By Him were all things fashioned
Around us and afar;
He made the earth and ocean,
And every shining star.
- 3 He made the pleasant Spring-time,
The Summer bright and warm,


- The golden days of Autumn,
The Winter and the storm.
- 4 He makes the glorious sunset,
The moon to sail on high;
He bids the breezes fan us
And thunder-clouds to fly.
- 5 He gives us every blessing,
To Him our lives we owe;
He sent His Son to save us
From sin and death and woe.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.


FANNY J. CROSBY.

EDWARD ROBERTS.


SOLO, to be sung by a girl.




1. I would be Thy lit - tle lamb, Sav-iour dear, Sav-iour dear;
 2. When I breathe my sim-ple prayer, Thou art near, ve - ry near;
 3. Did'st Thou lay Thy glo - ry by, Sav-iour mine, Sav-iour mine?



Wilt Thou take me as I am? Hast Thou room for me?
 When I ask Thy ten - der care, Wilt Thou look on me?
 Did'st Thou suf - fer, bleed, and die, For a child like me?



Wilt Thou lead me, all the day, In the strait and nar-row way?
 Soft - ly in my heart I know, 'Tis Thy voice that murmurs low,
 Glad - ly I will come to-day; From Thy love I can - not stay;

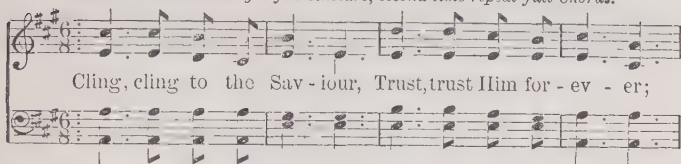


Shall I nev - er, nev - er stray, Bless-ed One, from Thee?
 "Come, I'll wash thee white as snow; Child, I died for Thee."
 All a - long the heavenly way I will fol - low Thee.

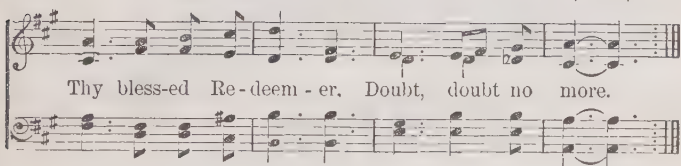
I WILL FOLLOW THEE.—Concluded.

91

REFRAIN.—First time by a few scholars, second time repeat full Chorus.



Cling, cling to the Sav - iour, Trust, trust Him for - ev - er;



Thy bless-ed Re-deem - er, Doubt, doubt no more.

LITTLE EYES.

Rev. B. R. HANBY.

GEO. B. LOOMIS.



1. Lit - tle eyes, lit - tle eyes, O - pen with the morn - ing light,
2. Lit - tle heart, lit - tle heart, Full of laughter, full of glee,



Up - ward look, up - ward look, Heaven's morn is al - ways bright.
Beat with love, beat with love For the Lord who bless - es thee.

3 Little hands, little hands,
Busy with the kite or doll,
Learn ye may, work or play,
Daily to do good to all.

4 Little feet, little feet,
Soft your patter, light your load,
Do not stray, keep the way,
Walk the straight and narrow road.

From "The Prize," by per. John Church, & Co.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Do we love our gen-tle Saviour, We must la-bor while 'tis day;
 2. We can drop a word of kindness, And perhaps the word may be

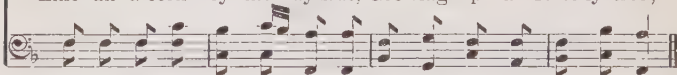


Cuo.—Lit-tle pilgrims bound for Zi-on, We must la-bor while 'tis day,

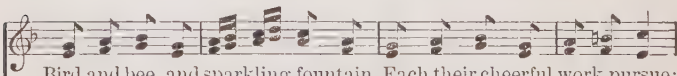
FINE.



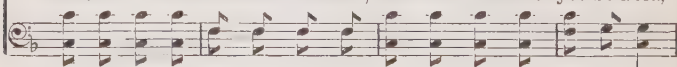
Work for Je-sus, work for Je-sus, Till the sun-light fades a-way.
 Like an a-corn by the way-side, Growing up a state-ly tree;



Work for Jesus, work for Je-sus, Till the sun-light fades a-way.



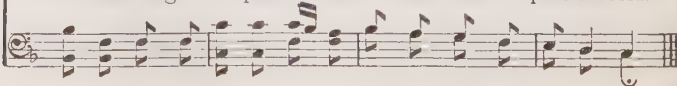
Bird and bee, and sparkling fountain, Each their cheerful work pursue;
 Wretched homes of want and sorrow, When our tear-ful eyes be-hold,



D.C. Fine.



O how pleasant to remember, There is something we can do.
 We can bring the helpless children To our Saviour's precious fold.



From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

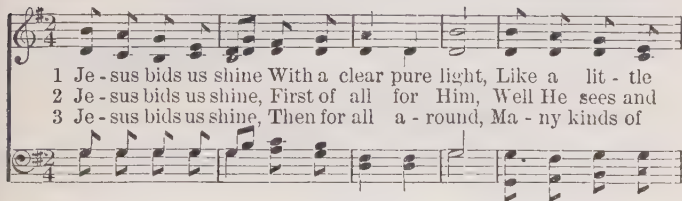
3 While we sing to those around us
Of our glorious home above,
We may lead a careless wanderer
To a Saviour's pardoning love.

We can help to send the gospel
O'er the ocean far away;
If we love our gentle Saviour,
We must labor while 'tis day.

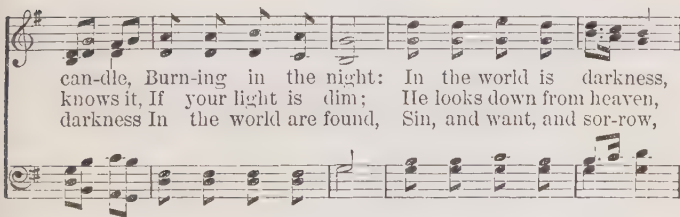
LITTLE LIGHTS.

Mrs. EMILY H. MILLER.

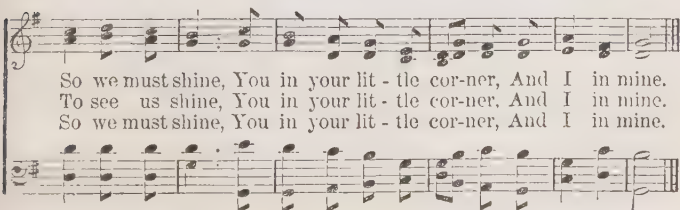
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1 Je - sus bids us shine With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle
2 Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him, Well He sees and
3 Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of



can - dle, Burn - ing in the night: In the world is darkness,
knows it, If your light is dim; He looks down from heaven,
darkness In the world are found, Sin, and want, and sor - row,



So we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
To see us shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
So we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.

From "Songs of Love," by per. John Church & Co.

I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.

ANON.

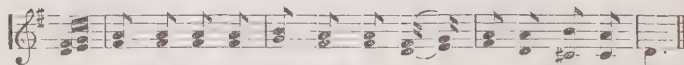
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. "I will be good, dear moth-er," I heard a sweet child say;
2. And when night came, that little one, In kneel-ing down to pray,
3. Je-sus can help us to be good— To Him we'll humbly pray;



"I will be good—now watch me— I will be good all day."
Said, in a soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to-day?"
His grace a-lone can make us good, And keep us good all day.

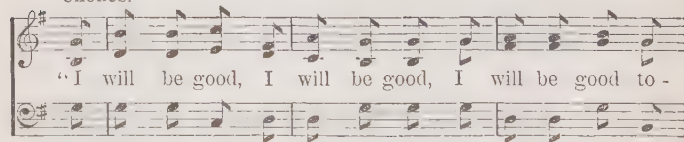


She lift-ed up her bright young eyes, With a soft and pleasing smile.
O ma-n-y, ma-n-y bit-ter tears, 'Twould save us did we say,
He'll help us hate all e-vil thoughts, All sin-ful words and ways;

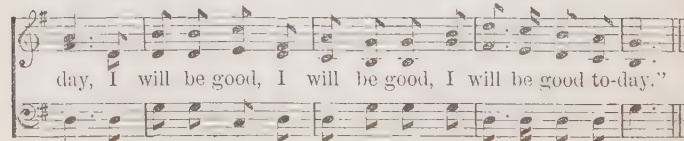


Then a moth-er's kiss was on her lip, So pure and free from guile.
Like that dear child, with earnest heart, "I will be good to-day."
And in His ser-vice take de-light, Through all our earthly days.

CHORUS.



"I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to -



day, I will be good, I will be good, I will be good to-day."

NEVER TOO YOUNG.

95

MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. I want to do right; I want to be good, I want to be
2. I want to be strong; I want to be true; I want to do

REFRAIN.

all that a Christian should. For I'm nev-er too young, nev-er too
all that I ought to do.

small, To serve my dear Re-deem-er, For I'm nev-er too young,

nev-er too small, To serve my dear Re-deem-er.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 I want to be meek;
I want to be mild;
I want to be known as a Christian
child! - Ref.</p> | <p>4 Dear Saviour draw near
And help me, I pray,
To know Thee, and love Thee, and
serve Thee each day. — Ref.</p> |
|--|---|

"GIVE," SAID THE LITTLE STREAM.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. "Give," said the lit-tle stream, Give, oh give, give, oh give, Give said the
 2. "Give," said the lit-tle rain, Give, oh give, give, oh give, Give said the



lit - tle stream, As it hur - ried down the hill. "I am small, I
 lit - tle rain, As it fell up - on the flowers, "I will raise the



know, but where - ever I go, Give, oh give, give, oh give, I am
 droop - ing heads a - gain, Give, oh give, give, oh give, I will

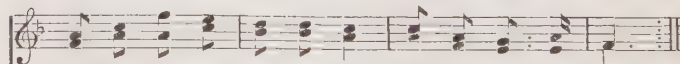


small, I know, but where - ever I go, The fields grow greener still."
 raise the drooping heads a - gain, And freshen the summer bowers."

REFRAIN.



Sing-ing, sing-ing all the day, Give a - way, oh, give a - way,



Sing-ing, sing-ing all the day, Give, oh, give a - way.



From "Fresh Laurels," by per. Biglow & Main.

"GIVE," SAID THE LITTLE STREAM.—Concluded. 97

- 3 "Give," said the violet sweet,
 Give, oh give, give, oh give,
 Give said the violet sweet,
 In its gentle, spring-like voice:
 "From cot and hall they will hear my call,
 Give, oh give, give, oh give,
 From cot and hall they will hear my call,
 They will find me and rejoice."

- 4 "Give then, for Jesus give,
 Give, oh give, give, oh give,
 Give then, for Jesus give,
 There is something all can give;
 Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
 Give, oh give, give, oh give,
 Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
 And for God and others live."

SPEAK NO ILL.

ANON.

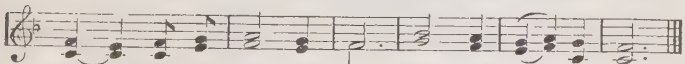
SAMUEL TRACY.



1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong; Let no
 2. Guard, my child, thine eyes; Pry-ing is not wise; Let them



e - vil word pass o'er it; Set the watch of truth be -
 look on what is right, From all e - vil turn their



fore it, That it speak no wrong, Guard, my child thy tongue.
 sight; Pry - ing is not wise, Guard, my child thine eyes.

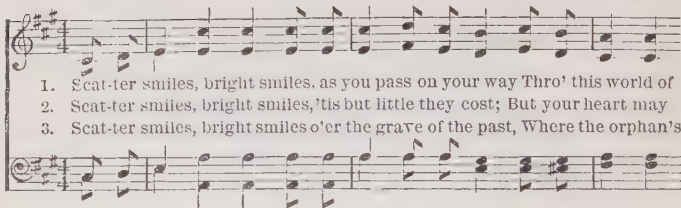
- 3 Guard, my child, thine ear;
 Wicked words will sear;
 Let no evil word come in,
 That may cause the soul to sin,
 Wicked words will sear,
 Guard, my child, thine ear.

- 4 Ear, and eye, and tongue,
 Guard while thou art young;
 For, alas! these busy three,
 Can unruly members be,
 Guard while thou art young,
 Ear, and eye, and tongue.

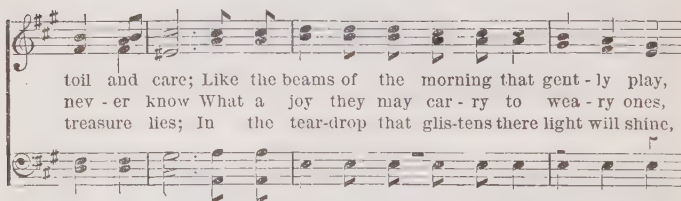
From "Golden Gate," by permission.

R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

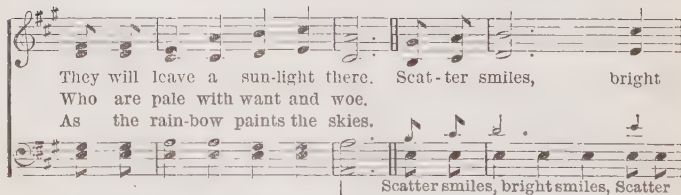


1. Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way Thro' this world of
2. Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but little they cost; But your heart may
3. Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles o'er the grave of the past, Where the orphan's



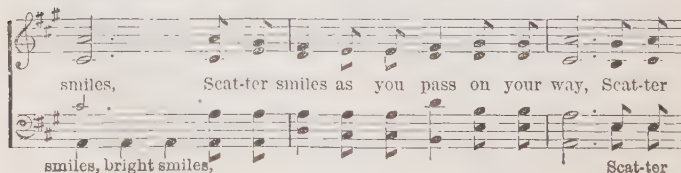
toil and care; Like the beams of the morning that gent - ly play,
nev - er know What a joy they may car - ry to wea - ry ones,
treasure lies; In the tear-drop that glis - tens there light will shine,

CHORUS.



They will leave a sun-light there. Scat-ter smiles, bright
Who are pale with want and woe.
As the rain-bow paints the skies.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter

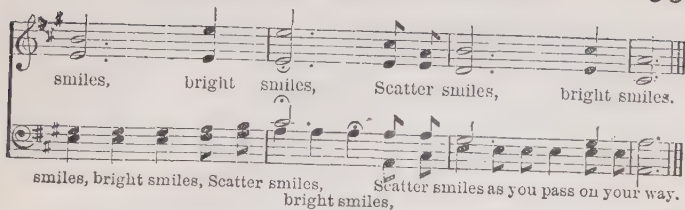


smiles, Scat-ter smiles as you pass on your way, Scat-ter
smiles, bright smiles, Scatter

From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

SCATTER SMILES.—Concluded.

99

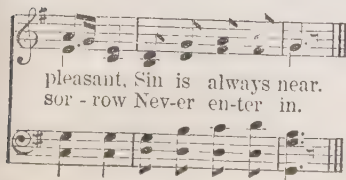
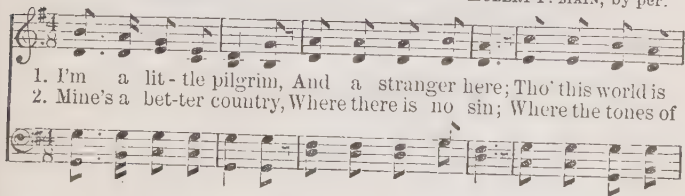


- 4 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the young who have strayed
From the path where once they trod;
You may lead to the fountain of truth again,
You may bring them home to God.
- 5 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way
Through this world of toil and care;
Like the beams of the morning that gently play,
They will leave a sunlight there.

I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.

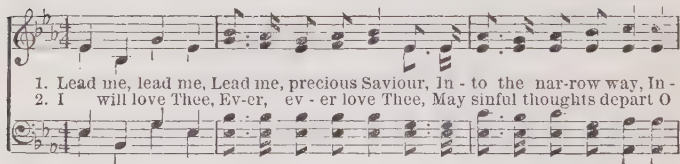
Rev. JOHN CURWEN, 1840.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



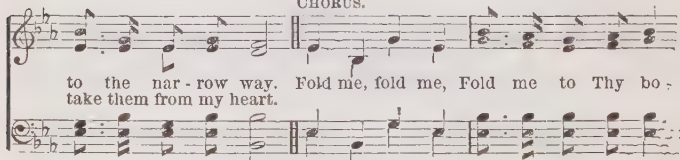
- 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.
- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

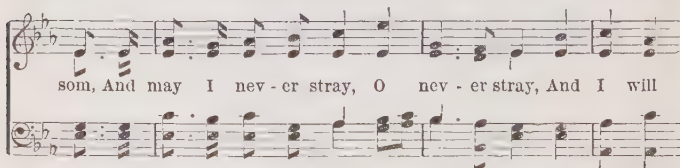


1. Lead me, lead me, Lead me, precious Saviour, In - to the nar-row way, In -
 2. I will love Thee, Ev-er, ev - er love Thee, May sinful thoughts depart O

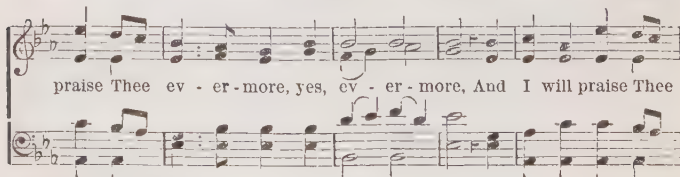
CHORUS.



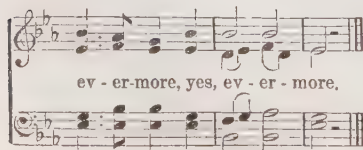
to the nar - row way. Fold me, fold me, Fold me to Thy bo -
 take them from my heart.



som, And may I nev - er stray, O nev - er stray, And I will



praise Thee ev - er - more, yes, ev - er - more, And I will praise Thee



ev - er - more, yes, ev - er - more.

3.

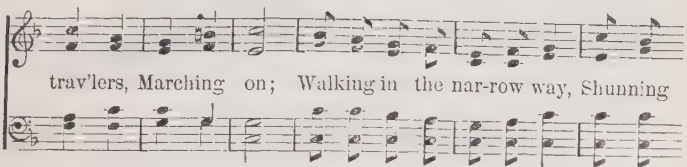
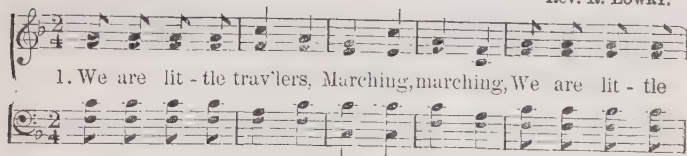
Lead me, fold me,
 Guide and ever keep me,
 And thanks my heart will give,
 Dear Saviour, while I live.

WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELERS.

101

WM. STEVENSON.

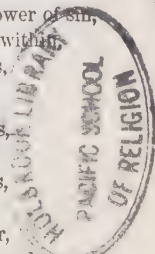
Rev. R. LOWRY.



- 2 We are little laborers,
Working, working,
We are little laborers,
Working on;
Never idling time away,
Busy working every day,
We are little laborers,
Working on.
- 3 We are little soldiers,
Fighting, fighting,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on;

Warring 'gainst the power of sin,
Foes without and foes within,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on.

- 4 We are little pilgrims,
Hoping, hoping,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on;
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on.



ANON.

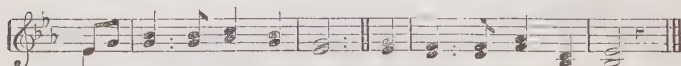
R. B. LOCKWOOD.



1. Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock doth keep,



Lead-ing by wa-ters calm, Do Thou my foot-steps guide,



To fol-low by Thy side, Make me Thy lit-tle lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray,—
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;

And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till from the soil of sin,
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love,
To Thy sweet fold above,
A little, snow-white lamb.

LITTLE THINGS.

REV. EBEN C. BREWER, 1848.

ENGLISH.



1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand,



Make the migh-ty o-cean, And the beauteous land.

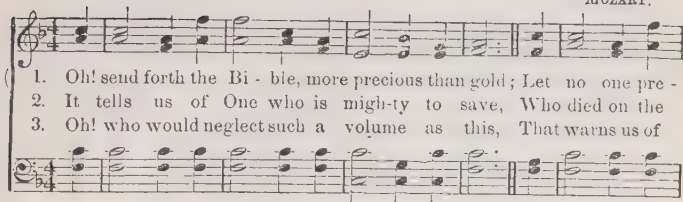
2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

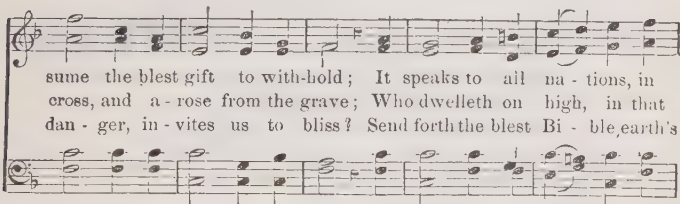
4 Little seeds of mercy.
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

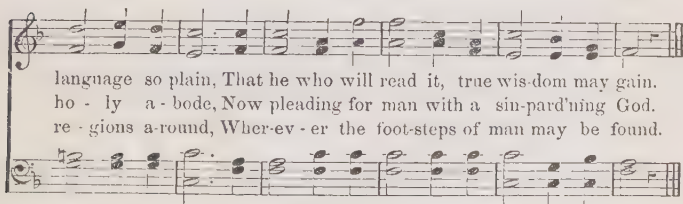
MOZART.



1. Oh! send forth the Bi - ble, more precious than gold; Let no one pre -
 2. It tells us of One who is migh-ty to save, Who died on the
 3. Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this, That warns us of



sume the blest gift to with-hold; It speaks to all na - tions, in
 cross, and a - rose from the grave; Who dwelleth on high, in that
 dan - ger, in - vites us to bliss? Send forth the blest Bi - ble, earth's



language so plain, That he who will read it, true wis-dom may gain.
 ho - ly a - bode, Now pleading for man with a sin-pard'ning God.
 re - gions a-round, Wher-ev - er the foot-steps of man may be found.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine;
 Mine to teach me whence I came;
 Mine to tell me what I am.
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

2 Mine thou art to guide my feet;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
 Mine to show a Saviour's love;

Mine to chide me when I rove.
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

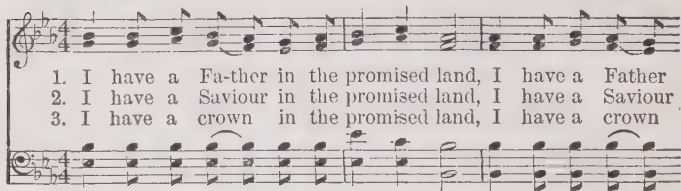
3 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;
 Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph o'er death.
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Rev. John Burton, 1805.

104 I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

LUCIUS HART.

LUCIUS HART.

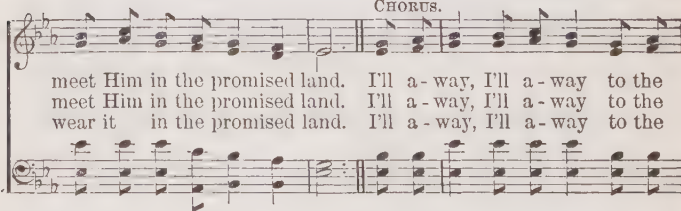


1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Father
 2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour
 3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown

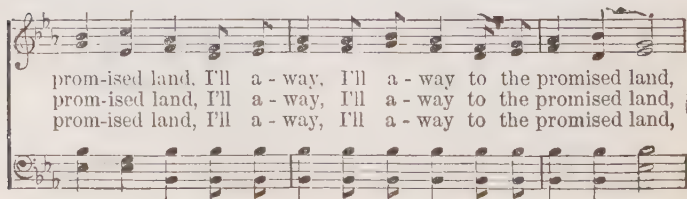


in the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To
 in the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To
 in the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To

CHORUS.



meet Him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the
 meet Him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the
 wear it in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the



prom-ised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land,
 prom-ised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land,
 prom-ised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land,

My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 When Jesus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.

THE HAPPY LAND.


ANDREW YOUNG, 1838.

HINDOSTAN AIR.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
 2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams eve-ry eye; Kept by a
 glory stand, Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing. Worthy
 doubting stand, Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall happy be. When from
 Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a
 is our Saviour King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!
 crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, Reign, reign for aye!

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.




1. When He com-eth, when He cometh, To make up his jewels,
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er, The gems for his kingdom;



All his jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and his own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own.

CHORUS.



Like the star of the morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,



They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for his crown.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd his own.—*Cho.*

From "The Prize," by per. John Church & Co.

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR. 107

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear Thy gen-tle voice;

We would be Thine for - ev - er, And in Thy love re - joice.

CHORUS.

We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are com-ing, bless-ed

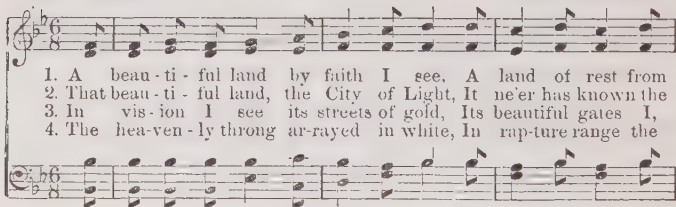
Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear Thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see -
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

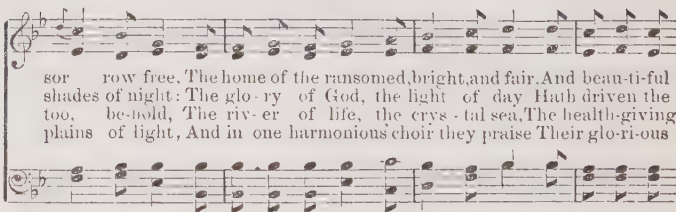
3 We are coming blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever,
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

Rev. JONATHAN HALL.

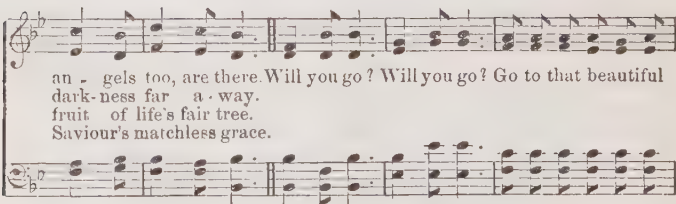
WM. B. BRADBURY.



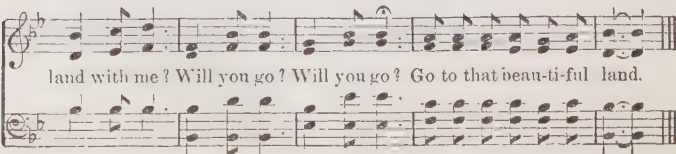
1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from
 2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the
 3. In vis-ion I see its streets of gold, Its beautiful gates I,
 4. The hea-ven-ly throng ar-rayed in white, In rap-ture range the



sor-row free, The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair. And beau-ti-ful
 shades of night: The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the
 too, be-hold, The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The health-giving
 plains of light, And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glo-ri-ous



an-gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful
 dark-ness far a-way.
 fruit of life's fair tree.
 Saviour's matchless grace.



land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land.

From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

Tune—"Martyn." 7s. Key F.

1.

Mary to her Saviour's tomb

Hasted at the early dawn; [fume;

Spice she brought and sweet per-

But the Lord she loved was gone:

For awhile she weeping stood,

Struck with sorrow and surprise,

Shedding tears, and plenteous flood

For her heart supplied her eyes.

2.

Jesus, who is always near,

Though too often unperceived,

Came, His drooping child to cheer,

Kindly asking why she grieved:

Though at first she knew Him not,

When He called her by her name,

Then her griefs were all forgot,

For she found He was the same.

3.

Grief and sighing quickly fled [voice;

When she heard His welcome

Just before, she thought Him dead,

Now, He bids her heart rejoice.

What a change His word can make,

Turning darkness into day!

You who weep for Jesus' sake,

He will wipe your tears away.

Rev. John Newton. 1779.

Tune—Watchman. 7s. Key F.

1.

Little travelers Zionward,

Each one entering into rest

In the kingdom of your Lord,

In the mansion of the blest.

There to welcome, Jesus waits,

Gives the crowns his followers win;

Lift your heads, ye golden gates;

Let the little travelers in!

2.

Who are they whose little feet,

Pacing life's dark journey through,

Now have reach'd the heavenly seat

They had ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land;"

"I from India's sultry plain;"

"I from Afric's barren sand;"

"I from islands of the main.

3.

"All our earthly journey past,

Every tear and pain gone by,

We're together met at last,

At the portal of the sky."

Each the welcome "COME" awaits,

Conquerors over death and sin;

Lift your heads, ye golden gates,

Let the little travelers in!

James Edmeston. 1846.

Tune—"Webb." 7s & 6s. Key B \flat .

1.

The dearest gift of Heaven,

Love's written word of truth,

To us is early given,

To guide our steps in youth;

We hear the wondrous story,

The tale of Calvary;

We read of homes in glory,

From sin and sorrow free.

2.

Redeemer! grant Thy blessing!

O teach us how to pray,

That each, Thy fear possessing,

May tread life's onward way;

Then where the pure are dwelling

We hope to meet again,

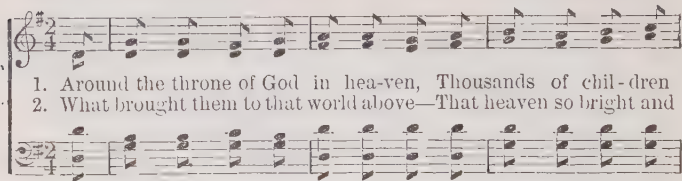
And sweeter numbers swelling,

Forever praise Thy name.

Miss Phillips.

ANNIE HOULDITCH SHEPHERD, 1841.

HENRY E. MATHEWS, 1854.



1. Around the throne of God in hea-ven, Thousands of chil-dren
 2. What brought them to that world above—That heaven so bright and



stand: Children whose sins are all for-given, A ho-ly hap-py
 fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children



band, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high.
 there, Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high.

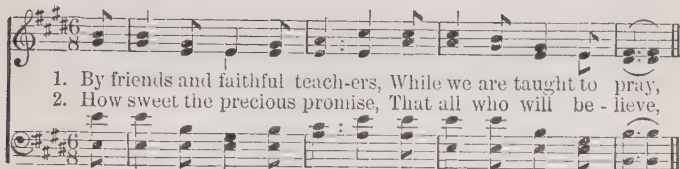
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin:
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb.
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc,

MISSION SONG.

111

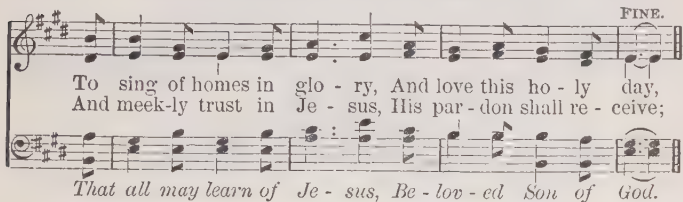
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

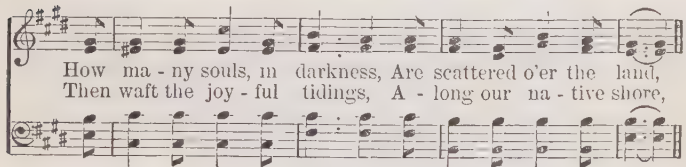


1. By friends and faithful teach-ers, While we are taught to pray,
2. How sweet the precious promise, That all who will be - lieve,

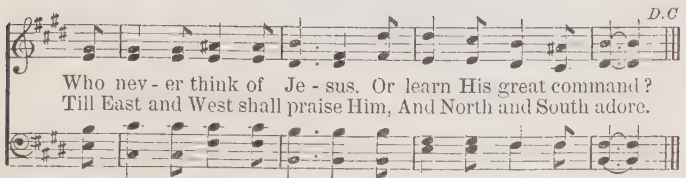
CHO.—Oh, send the pre-cious Bi - ble, And spread the truth a-broad,



FINE.
To sing of homes in glo - ry, And love this ho - ly day,
And meek-ly trust in Je - sus, His par - don shall re - ceive;
That all may learn of Je - sus, Be - lov - ed Son of God.



How ma - ny souls, in darkness, Are scattered o'er the land,
Then waft the joy - ful tidings, A - long our na - tive shore,



D.C.
Who nev - er think of Je - sus, Or learn His great command?
Till East and West shall praise Him, And North and South adore.

3 The glorious time is coming,
When all His love shall sing;
And o'er our happy country,
The Saviour's name shall ring:

Then let us all be fervent,
And labor while we may,
To help the cause of Jesus,
And always watch and pray.

From "Apples of Gold," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

H. T. B.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD.

DUET.

ALL.

1 { Do the chil-dren know of Je - sus, O - ver there, o - ver there? }
 { Have they heard redemption's story, O - ver there, o - ver there? }

CHORUS.

Ah! they know not of the Saviour, Of His wondrous love and care:

Still they sit in hea-then darkness, Without Je - sus, o - ver there.

2 Do the children pray to Jesus,
 Over there, over there?
 Do they seek His kind protection,
 Over there, over there?

4 Do the children work for Jesus,
 Over there, over there?
 Do they labor for His glory,
 Over there, over there?

3 Do the children sing of Jesus,
 Over there, over there?
 Do they chant His praises ever
 Over there, over there?

5 Do the children live for Jesus,
 Over there, over there?
 Do they love the precious Saviour,
 Over there, over there?

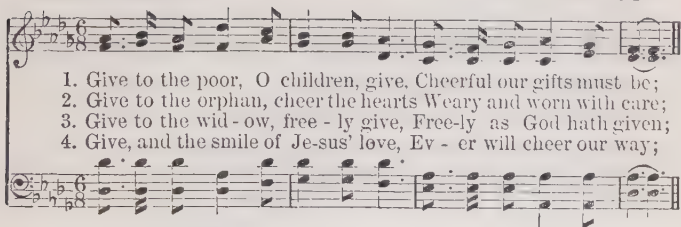
From "Songs of Gladness," by per. Garrigues Bros., Phila., Pa.

GIVE TO THE POOR.

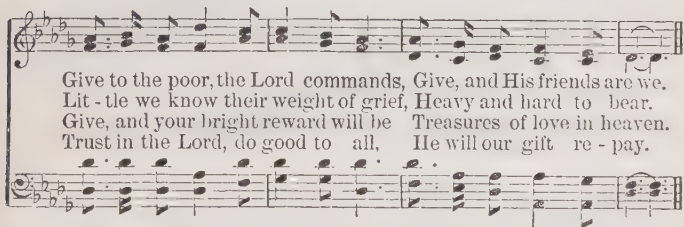
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

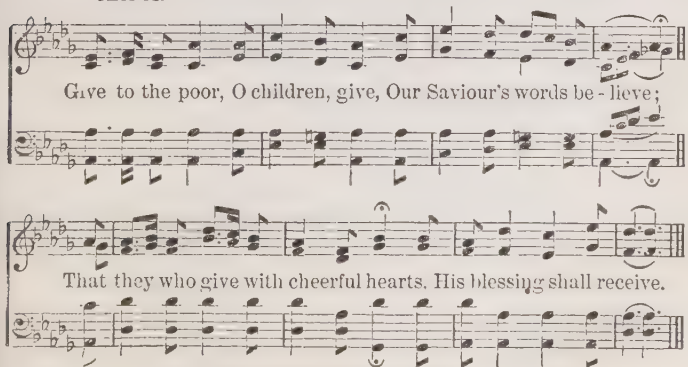


1. Give to the poor, O children, give, Cheerful our gifts must be;
2. Give to the orphan, cheer the hearts Weary and worn with care;
3. Give to the wid - ow, free - ly give, Free-ly as God hath given;
4. Give, and the smile of Je-sus' love, Ev - er will cheer our way;



Give to the poor, the Lord commands, Give, and His friends are we,
 Lit - tle we know their weight of grief, Heavy and hard to bear.
 Give, and your bright reward will be Treasures of love in heaven.
 Trust in the Lord, do good to all, He will our gift re - pay.

CHORUS.



Give to the poor, O children, give, Our Saviour's words be - lieve;
 That they who give with cheerful hearts, His blessing shall receive.

E. P. HOOD.
Lively.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I asked a sweet rob-in, one morning in May, Who sung in the
2. "Tee-to-tal ! oh ! that's the first word of my lay, And then don't you

ap-ple - tree o - ver the way, What 'twas she was sing-ing so
see how I rat-tled a - way? I just have been dipping my

sweet-ly a-bout; For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out;
beak in the spring, And brushing the face of the lake with my wing:

CHORUS.

"Why, I'm sure," she re - plied, "you cannot guess wrong, Don't you
Cold wa - ter! cold water! yes, that is my song, And I

GIRLS. BOYS.

know I am sing-ing a tem-per-ance song? Cold wa-ter! cold
love to keep sing-ing it all the day long. Cold wa-ter! cold

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

wa - ter! cold wa - ter! cold wa - ter! Don't you know I am
wa - ter! cold wa - ter! cold wa - ter! All the birds to the

3 "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb
For the dear little nestlings remaining at home?
And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird, [song.
And never forget, while you list to my
All the birds to the cold-water army be-long."

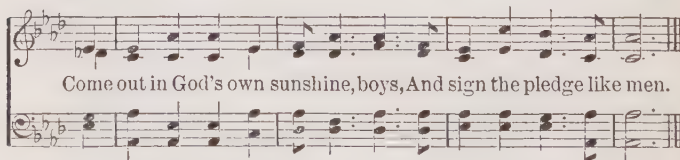
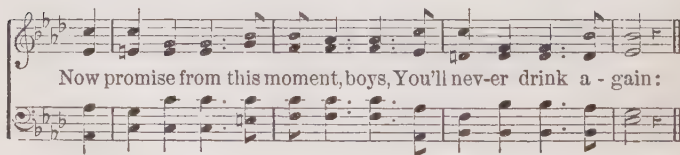
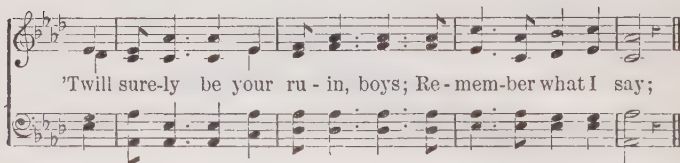
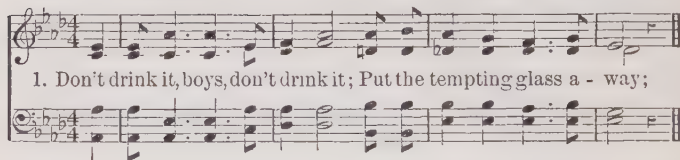
MISSIONS.

Tune—"Webb." 7s & 6s. Key B \flat .

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I've thought of little children,
Far off in heathen lands,
Taught how to worship Dagon,
And suffer at his hands.
I've heard them tell how mothers
Would take their children dear,
And cast them in the water,
Without a falling tear.</p> <p>2 I'm told they have no Bible—
No holy Sabbath day:
No teacher, friend, disciple,
To teach them how to pray.</p> | <p>I'm told that they are ready
To hear the gospel sound,
And I must give my penny,
To send it all around.</p> <p>3 I'm happy here, in concert
With other children dear,
To send my offerings onward,
To place a Bible there.
And may some friendly teacher,
With Bible in his hand,
Be unto them a leader
To Canaan's happy land.</p> |
|--|--|

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



2.

Don't drink it, boys, don't drink it;
 It's the source of every crime;
 It biteth like a serpent, boys;
 Beware! be warned in time: [now,
 Perchance the voice that warns you
 You'll never hear again;
 Come out in God's own sunlight, boys,
 And sign the pledge like men.

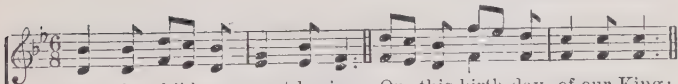
3.

Don't drink it, boys, don't drink it;
 You will rue it if you do;
 Oh! think how many loving hearts
 Are praying now for you:
 Now promise in the fear of God,
 You'll never drink again;
 Come, join the temperance army, boys,
 And sign the pledge like men.

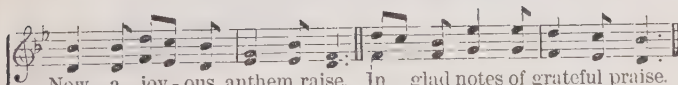
CHILDREN, SWEETLY SING.

117

Dr. C. A. MARVIN. by per.



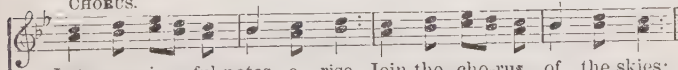
1. Lit - tle children, sweet-ly sing, On this birth-day of our King;
2. See, He leaves His Father's throne, Lays a - side His star-ry crown,



Now a joy - ous anthem raise, In glad notes of grateful praise.
And to save the sons of men, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem."



CHORUS.



Let your joy - ful notes a - rise, Join the cho-rus of the skies;



Let your joy - ful notes a - rise, Join the chorus of the skies.



3.

Hark! a new song rends the sky,
"Glory be to God on high.
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

4.

Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around.
Till all nations, tribes and men,
Love the "Babe of Bethlehem."

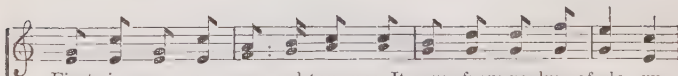
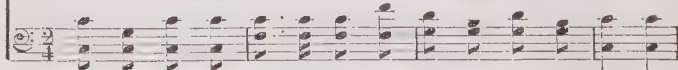
From "Book of Praise," by per. Biglow & Main.

Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.



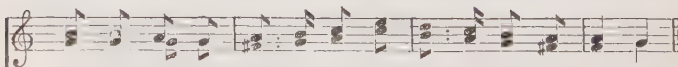
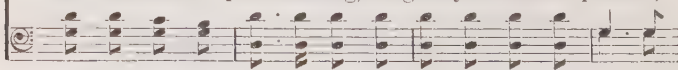
1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous sto-ry;
2. Wise men hastened from the East, To bring their richest treasure;
3. Earthly crowns were not for Him, He came God's love-re-veal-ing;



First in song, on an - gel tongues, It came from realms of glo - ry;
 Gold and myrrh, and frank-in-cense, And jewels with-out mea-sure;
 On the cross He died for us, His blood for-give-ness seal-ing;



"Peace on earth, good will to men," An-gel - ic voic - es ring-ing,
 Him they sought, although a king, They found among the low-ly,
 'Tis the Sav-iour promised long, Ring out your loudest prais-es;



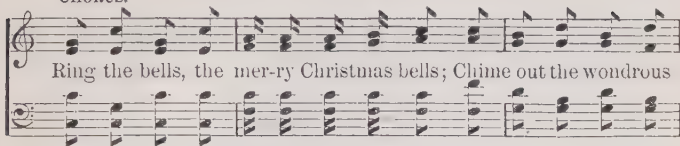
Christ, the Lord, to earth has come, His glorious message bring-ing.
 In the Virgin's arms He lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.
 Eve - ry heart this hap - py day, Its grate-ful an-them rais - es.



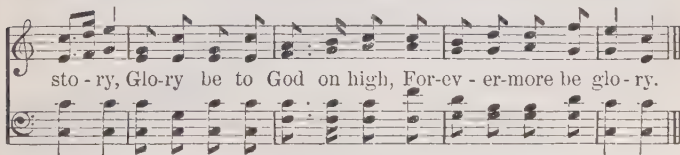
From "Bright Jewels," by per. Biglow & Main.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.—Concluded. 119

CHORUS.

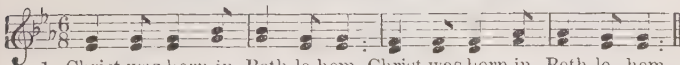


Ring the bells, the mer-ry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous

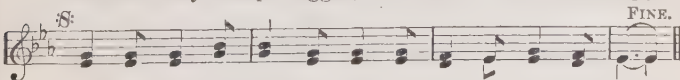


sto-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high, For-ev - er-more be glo-ry.

CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.



1. Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ was born in Beth-le - hem,
2. By the Jews was cru - ci - fied, By the Jews was cru - ci - fied,
3. Then His body Jo-seph begged, Then His bod - y Jo-seph begged,

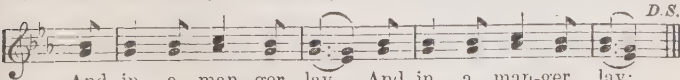


FINE.

Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, And in a man-ger lay,
D.C.—Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, And in a man-ger lay.

By the Jews was cru - ci - fied, And nailed up - on the cross,
D.C.—By the Jews was cru - ci - fied, And nailed up - on the cross.

Then His bod - y Joseph begged, And laid it in a tomb,
D.C.—Then His bod - y Jo-seph begged, And laid it in a tomb.



D.S.

And in a man-ger lay, And in a man-ger lay;
And nailed up-on the cross, And nailed up-on the cross;
And laid it in a tomb, And laid it in a tomb;

4 Weeping Mary early came,
Her loving Lord to see.

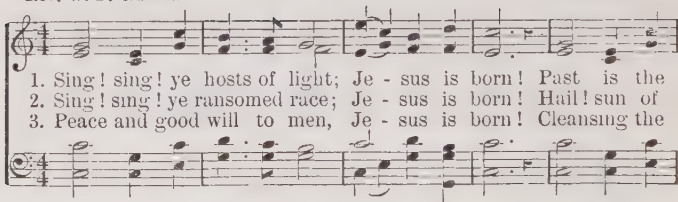
5 To that tomb an angel came,

And rolled the stone away.
6 Shout, oh, shout the victory,
Our Lord is risen to-day.

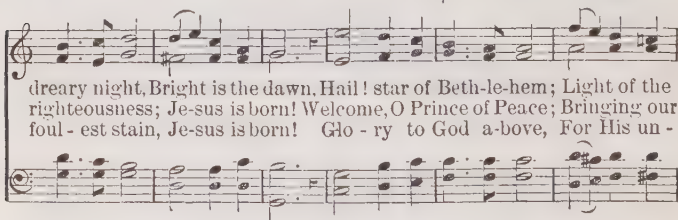
By permission.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

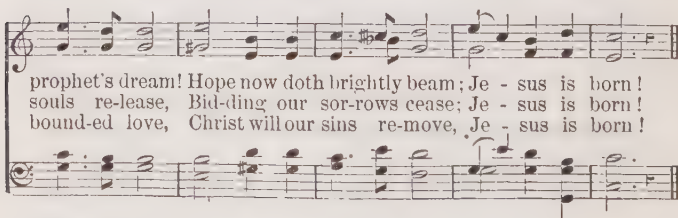
W. H. DOANE.



1. Sing! sing! ye hosts of light; Je - sus is born! Past is the
 2. Sing! sing! ye ransomed race; Je - sus is born! Hail! sun of
 3. Peace and good will to men, Je - sus is born! Cleansing the

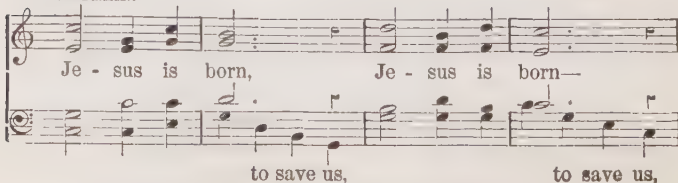


dreary night, Bright is the dawn. Hail! star of Beth-le-hem; Light of the
 righteousness; Je-sus is born! Welcome, O Prince of Peace; Bringing our
 foul - est stain, Je-sus is born! Glo - ry to God a - bove, For His un -



prophet's dream! Hope now doth brightly beam; Je - sus is born!
 souls re-lease, Bid-ding our sor-rows cease; Je - sus is born!
 bound-ed love, Christ will our sins re-move, Je - sus is born!

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is born, Je - sus is born—
 to save us, to save us,

JESUS IN BORN.—Concluded.

121

Rit.....

Je - sus our Sav-iour-King, Is born in Beth - le - hem!

THE CHILD JESUS. 8s & 7s.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1867.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. { Once in roy - al Da - vid's Cit-y, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, }
 { Where a moth-er laid her Ba-by In a man-ger, for His bed: }

Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ that lit - tle Child.

2.

3.

He came down from earth to heaven,
 Who is God and King of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our God in heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

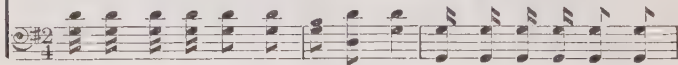
From "Book of Praise," by per. Biglow & Main.

Mrs. R. S. C. 1870.

Mrs. T. J. Cook.



1. Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas ev-ery where! Cheeri-ly it ring-eth



through the air; Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas o-dors



on the breeze. Merry, merry Christmas every where! Cheeri-ly it



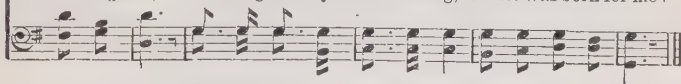
ring-eth through the air; 1 Why should we so joy-ful-ly Sing, with
 2 Light for wea-ry wan-der-ers, Com-fort
 3 Deeds of Faith and Char-i-ty; These our



MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.—(Concluded.) 123



grate-ful mirth? See! the Sun of Righteousness Beams upon the earth!
for th' oppressed! He will guide His trusting ones In - to perfect rest.
off' - rings be, Lead - ing ev - ery soul to sing, Christ was born for me!



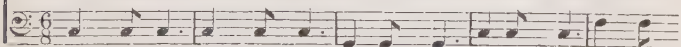
From "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.

HOLY NIGHT.

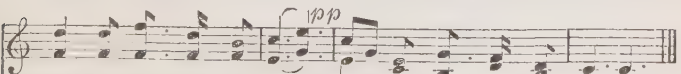
MICHAEL HAYDN.



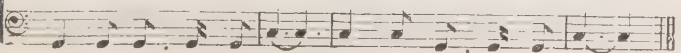
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright; Round yon
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant



Vir - gin Mo - ther and Child, Ho - ly In - fant, so tender and mild,
stream from Hea - ven a - far, Heavenly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia!
beams from Thy Ho - ly Face With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,



Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace. Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour is born! Christ, the Sav - iour is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy Birth! Je - sus, Lord, at Thy Birth!



J. CLARK, Jr.

JOSEPH CLARK, Jr.

1. We are glad for this, our Christmas Day on which our Christ was born;

Bring-ing joy to earth from heaven, Hail our hap-py Christmas morn!

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, our Sav-iour King, is born;

Let us join the an - gel chorus, Hail our hap - py Christmas morn!

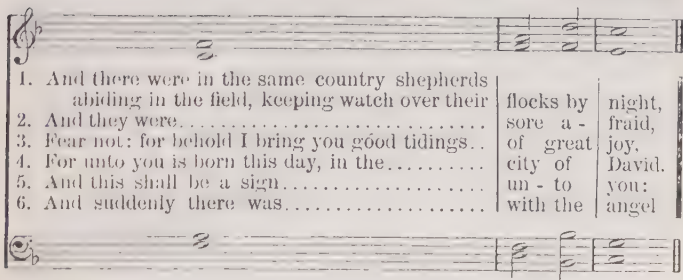
- 2 Come and help us tell the story,
Of our gentle Saviour's birth;
When the angels came from glory,
Bringing news of peace on earth.
- 3 Harken to the wondrous chorus,
Let us join the angel lay;
Happy in the news they bore us,
On this gladsome Christmas day.

By permission of the Author.

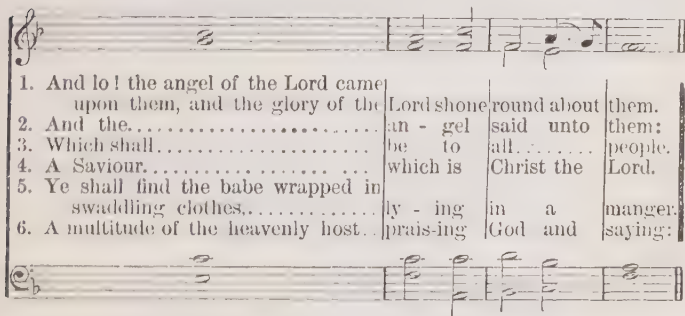
CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS.

125

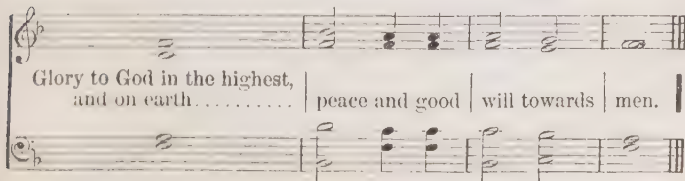
T. H. HINTON.



1. And there were in the same country shepherds	abiding in the field, keeping watch over their	flocks by	night,
2. And they were.....		sore a -	fraid,
3. Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings..		of great	joy,
4. For unto you is born this day, in the.....		city of	David.
5. And this shall be a sign.....		un - to	you:
6. And suddenly there was.....		with the	angel



1. And lo! the angel of the Lord came	upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone	round about	them.
2. And the.....	an - gel	said unto	them:
3. Which shall.....	be to	all.....	people.
4. A Saviour.....	which is	Christ the	Lord.
5. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in	swaddling clothes.....	ly - ing	in a manger.
6. A multitude of the heavenly host.....	prais-ing	God and	saying:



Glory to God in the highest,	and on earth.....	peace and good	will towards	men.
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(By permission.)

NEW YEAR.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. The Book of the New Year is o-pened, Its pa-ges are spot-
 2. Let nev-er a bad thought be cherished, Keep the tongue from a whis-

less and new, And so, as each leaf - let is turn - ing, Dear
 per of guile, And see that your fa - ces are win-dows, Through

3.
 And now with the new book endeavor
 To write its white pages with care;
 Each day is a leaflet, remember,
 That is written, then turned, beware!
 4.
 And if on a page you discover
 At evening a blot or a scrawl,
 Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour
 In mercy to cover it all.

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THE DAY IS PAST.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. The day is past and o - ver, I lay me down to sleep;
 2. I thank the bounteous Giv - er For all His gifts this day;

May an-gels round me hov - er, And from all dan-ger keep.
 And pray that I may ev - er, His care with love re - pay.

3 I pray Him to forgive me
 For every sin this day,
 And always strength to give me,
 His statutes to obey.

4 I pray Him to awake me
 At early morning gleam;
 And when I die to take me
 To dwell in heaven with Him.

From "Song Garden," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

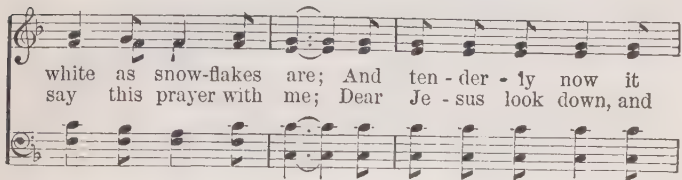
127

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1875.

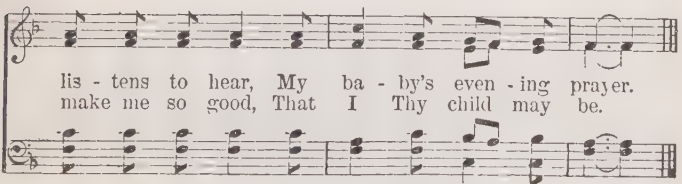
Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. There com-eth a dove on beau-ti-ful wings, As
2. Then kneel at my side, your lit-tle hands fold, And



white as snow-flakes are; And ten-der-ly now it
say this prayer with me; Dear Je-sus look down, and



lis-tens to hear, My ba-by's even-ing prayer.
make me so good, That I Thy child may be.

3.

Then ask Him to-night when you are asleep
To give you peaceful rest,
And if you should die before you awake
To fold you on His breast.

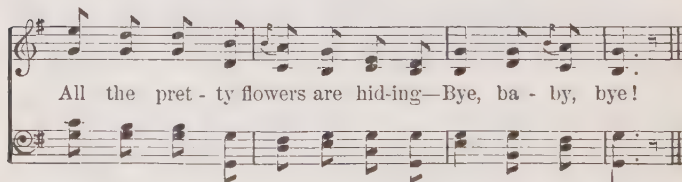
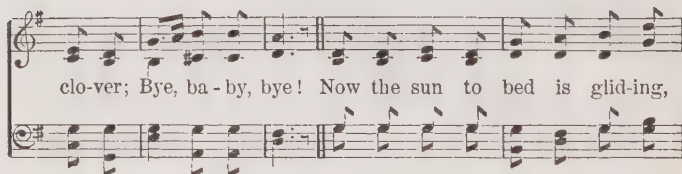
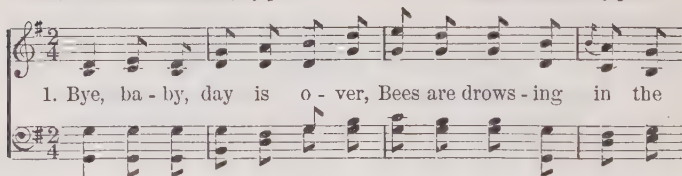
4.

That beautiful dove so gentle and pure
Has spread its pinions fair,
And up to the throne of Jesus above
Has borne my darling's prayer.

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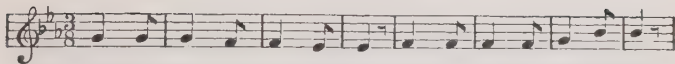
Mrs. MARY MAPES DODGE, by per.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

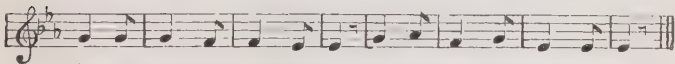


- 2 Bye, baby, birds are sleeping;
 One by one the stars are peeping;
 Bye, baby, bye!
 In the far off sky they twinkle,
 While the cows come tinkle, tinkle,
 Bye, baby, bye!
- 3 Bye, baby, mother holds thee;
 Loving, tender care enfolds thee;
 Bye, baby, bye!
 Angels in thy dreams caress thee;
 Through the darkness guard and bless thee;
 Bye, baby, bye!

Copyright, 1876, by Hubert P. Main.



1. Close be-neath thy moth-er's wing, Bird-ie, lay thy lit-tle head;



I will watch thy slumbers, love, I will guard thy down-y bed.

2 I will guard thee, did I say?

Let me, then, that word recall;

God will guard us both, my love;

He alone protects us all.

3 Nestle, nestle gently down;

Close thine eyes to sleep, my dear;

Safe beneath our Father's wings,

You and I have naught to fear.

SLEEP, DARLING, SLEEP.

Tune on page 128.

1 Little blue eyes gently closing,

In their mother's arms reposing,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

Rosy lips in slumber smiling,

All a mother's heart beguiling,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

2 Pretty dreams are o'er thee stealing,

Bright and happy things revealing,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

Oh, my baby, God will bless thee,

Angels, though unseen, caress thee,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

3 Musing while I now behold thee,

Closer to my heart I fold thee,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

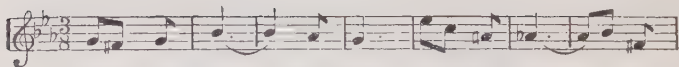
Till the morning's playful beaming,

Wakes thee from this happy dreaming,

Sleep, darling, sleep.

Fanny J. Crosby. 1875.

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1. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep! Shut thy lit - - tle



eyes! Je - sus in His arms will lock thee,



Lit - tle an - gels gent - ly rock thee. Sleep, my



dar - ling, sleep! Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep!

2 Sleep, my darling, sleep!

Shut thy little eyes!

Mother's dearest earthly pleasure,

Sacred, best, most precious treasure.

Sleep, my darling one!

Sleep, my darling one!

By permission of G. Schirmer, publisher.

A CHILD'S PRAYER,

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

If I should die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take;

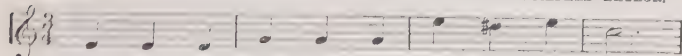
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

EVENING IS FALLING TO SLEEP.

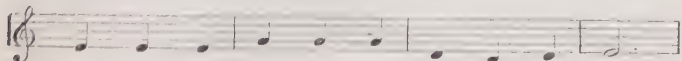
131

GERMAN.

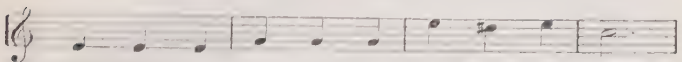
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. Eve - ning is fall - ing to sleep in the west,



Lull - ing the gold - en bright mead-ows to rest;



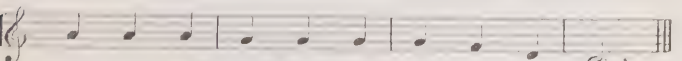
Twin - kle like dia-monds the stars in the skies,



Greet - ing the two lit - tle slum - ber - ing eyes.



Sweet - ly sleep;.... Je - sus doth keep;.... And



Je - sus will give His be - lov - ed ones sleep.

- 2 Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
All the sweet perfume-cups gracefully close;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,—
Drowsily, dreamily swingeth the trees.

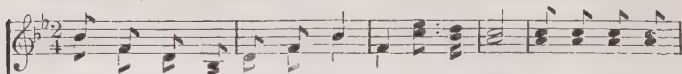
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

- 3 Sleep till the flowers shall open once more;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar;
Sleep till the morning sun lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.

Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones.

PALMER, *alt.* by C. W. SANDERS.

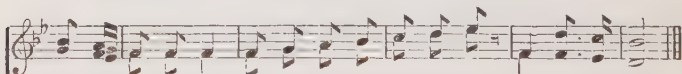
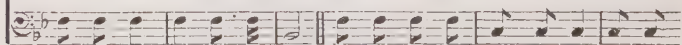
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1840. By per



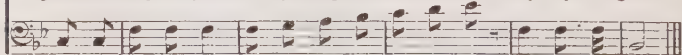
1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain; If at first you
 2. Once or twice tho' you should fail, Try, try a - gain; If at last you
 3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain; Time will bring you



don't succeed, Try, try a - gain: Then your courage should appear; For if
 would prevail, Try, try a - gain; If we strive 'tis no disgrace, Tho' we
 your re - ward, Try, try a - gain: All that oth - er folks can do, Why with



you will per - se - vere, You will conquer, nev - er fear. Try, try a - gain.
 may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
 pa - tience may not you? On - ly keep this rule in view, Try, try a - gain.



COME, LET US LEARN TO SING.

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1852. By per



- 1 { Come, let us learn to sing, Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do; }
 { Loud let our voice - es ring, Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do; }



{ Let us sing with o - pen sound, }
 { With our voice - es full and round, } Do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

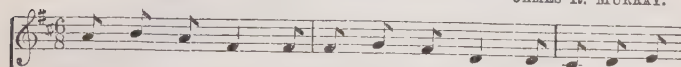
2 This is the scale so sweet,
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do;
Sing it with accent meet,
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do:
First ascend in accents true,
Then descend in order too:
Do, si, la, sol, fa, me, re, do.

3 O how we love to sing,
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do;
Praise to th'heavenly King,
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do;
Let us learn His face to seek,
Then aloud His praise we'll speak;
Do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

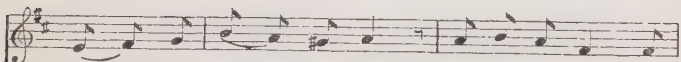
SILLY OLD HEN.

Mrs. M. F. BUTTS.

JAMES R. MURRAY.



1. Fool-ish old hen To tell it so plain: She's laid a new
2. There is the nest! And, O do you see, The pret-ty white



egg And feels ve-ry vain: Lit-tle Blue-eyes, Look
eggs? There are three times three: Sil-ly old hen, We



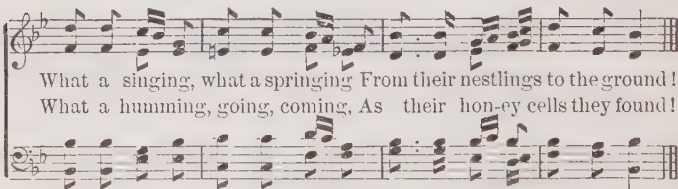
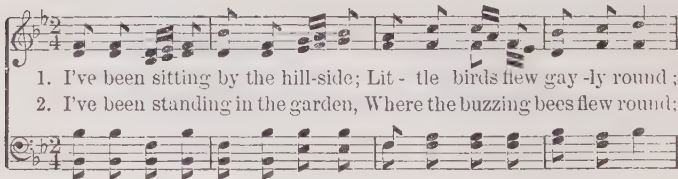
sharp in the hay: We want some new eggs for A pudding to-day?
will have our fill: Now don't you wish, chicky, That you had kept still?



By permission, J. R. Murray.

ANON, 1840.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



3.

4.

I've been wandering in the woodland,
 Where the squirrels sport so free;
 What a springing, running, leaping,
 Up and down the walnut tree.

While all creatures thus are gayly
 Sporting in the beams of day,
 Let me learn of them the lesson
 To be cheerful, brisk and gay.

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

HUSH, MY DEAR.

Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

JEAN J. ROUSSEAU, 1750.



1. { Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber. Ho - ly angels guard thy bed; }
 { heavenly blessings without number, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head. }

D.C. When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay.



Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay:

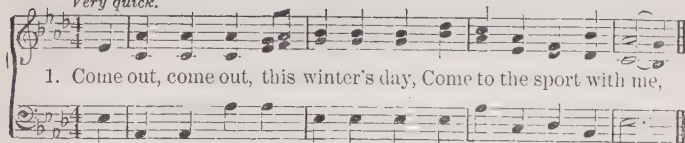
SLIDING DOWN THE HILL.

135

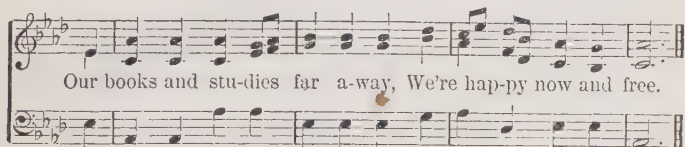
ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1852.

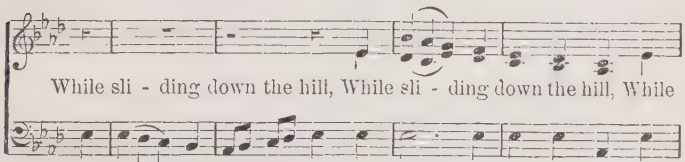
Very quick.



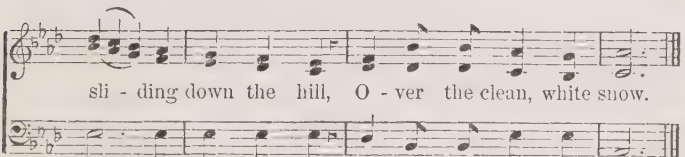
1. Come out, come out, this winter's day, Come to the sport with me,



Our books and stu-dies far a-way, We're hap-py now and free.



While sli - ding down the hill, While sli - ding down the hill, While



sli - ding down the hill, O - ver the clean, white snow.

2.

O who's afraid of a winter's day.
Its cold, its ice or snow? [ray,
What tho' we miss the sun's warm
What tho' the cold winds blow,
While sliding down the hill.
||: While sliding down the hill: ||
Over the clear, white snow.

3.

Then haste, companions, haste away.
The day is cold and still;
We'll have some noble sport to-day
While sliding down the hill;
A-sliding down the hill.
||: A-sliding down the hill: ||
Over the clear, white snow.

CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK!

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Cluck! cluck! cluck! See how the chick-ens fly! Cluck! cluck!

The first system of music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment features chords and eighth notes.

cluck! Now it is run or die! Each lit - tle trembling thing Un -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody includes a sharp sign (#) above a note, indicating a sharp. The accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes.

der its mother's wing, Saved from the hawk that is swoop-ing a -

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody includes a sharp sign (#) above a note. The accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes.

bove, By the dan-ger - call of the mother's love, Cluck! cluck! cluck!

The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The melody and accompaniment end with a final chord and a double bar line.


By permission J. R. Murray.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

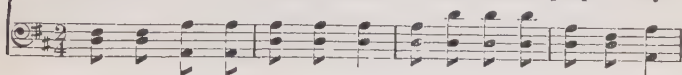
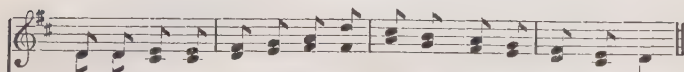
137

A. TENNYSON.

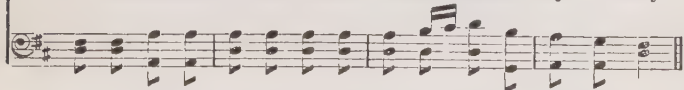

GERMAN.



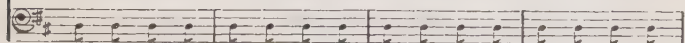

1. What does lit - tle bir - die say, In her nest at peep of day?
2. What does lit - tle ba - by say, In her bed at peep of day?

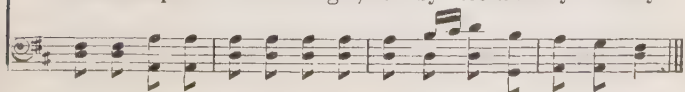
Let me fly, says lit - tle bir - die, Mother, let me fly a - way.
Ba - by says, like lit - tle bir - die, Let me rise and fly a - way.

Bir - die, rest a lit - tle lon - ger, Till the lit - tle wings are stronger;
Ba - by, sleep a lit - tle lon - ger, Till the lit - tle limbs are stronger;

So she rests a lit - tle lon - ger, Then she flies, she flies a - way.
If she sleeps a lit - tle lon - ger, Ba - by too shall fly a - way.



From "Song Garden," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

T. T.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Ba - by bye, Here's a fly; We will watch him, you and I,

How he crawls Up the walls— Yet he nev - er falls!

I be-lieve, with those six legs You and I could walk on eggs!

There he goes On his toes, Tick - ling Ba - by's nose!

2 Spots of red
 Dot his head;
 Rainbows on his wings are spread!
 That small speck
 Is his neck;
 See him nod and beck!
 I can show you, if you choose,
 Where to look to find his shoes:
 Three small pairs
 Made of hairs—
 These he always wears.

3 Black and brown
 Is his gown;
 He can wear it up-side down!
 It is laced
 Round his waist—
 I admire his taste!
 Pretty as his clothes are made,
 He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
 If to-night
 He gets sight
 Of the candle-light.

4 In the sun
 Webs are spun;
 What if he gets into one?
 When it rains
 He complains
 On the window-panes.
 Tongues to talk have you and I;
 God has given the little fly
 No such things;
 So he sings
 With his buzzing wings.

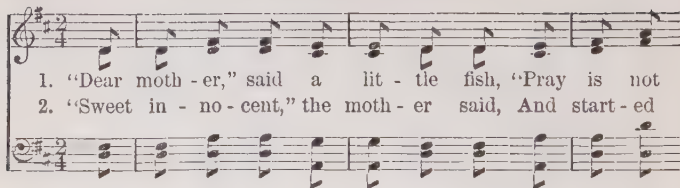
5 He can eat
 Bread and meat:
 Here's his mouth between his feet!
 On his back
 Is a sack,
 Like a pedlar's pack.

Does the Baby understand?
 Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
 Put a crumb
 On her thumb;
 Maybe he will come!

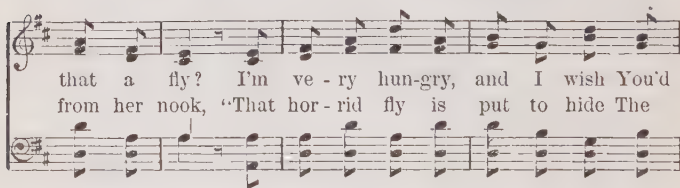
6 Round and round,
 On the ground,
 On the ceiling he is found.
 Catch him? no,
 Let him go!
 Never hurt him so!
 Now you see his wings of silk
 Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
 Fie! oh fie!
 Foolish fly,
 How will you get dry?

7 All wet flies
 Twist their thighs;
 So they wipe their heads and eyes.
 Cats you know,
 Wash just so;
 Then their whiskers grow!
 Flies have hair too short to comb;
 Flies go all bare-headed home:
 But the gnat
 Wears a hat:
 Do you laugh at that?

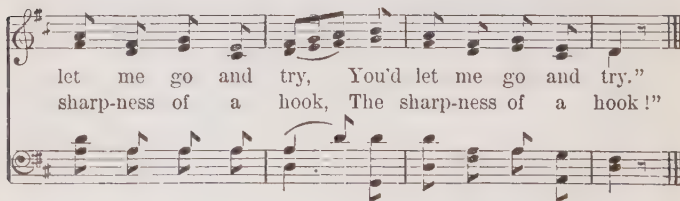
8 Flies can see
 More than we—
 So how bright their eyes must be!
 Little fly
 Mind your eye—
 Spiders are near by;
 For a secret I can tell—
 Spider's will not treat you well!
 Haste away,
 Do not stay,—
 Little fly, good day!



1. "Dear moth - er," said a lit - tle fish, "Pray is not
2. "Sweet in - no - cent," the moth - er said, And start - ed



that a fly? I'm ve - ry hun - gry, and I wish You'd
from her nook, "That hor - rid fly is put to hide The



let me go and try, You'd let me go and try."
sharp - ness of a hook, The sharp - ness of a hook!"

3.

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and silly too;
And so he thought he'd venture out,
To see what he could do.

4.

And round about the fly he played,
With many a longing look;
And often to himself he said,
"That cannot be a hook!"

5.

"I can but give one little pluck
To try, and so I will!"
So, on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill!

6.

And while he faint and fainter grew,
With feeble voice he cried,
"Dear mother, if I'd minded you,
I need not now have died!"

1. Two rob - in red-breasts, in their nest, Had lit - tle rob-ins three;

The moth-er - bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer-ri - ly;

And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee;

And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.

2 One day the sun was warm and
bright,
All shining in the sky;
The mother said. "My little ones,
'Tis time you learn to fly;"
||: And all the little robins said,
I'll try, I'll try. I'll try. :||

3 I know some little children dear,
And oft it makes me sigh,
Who, when they're told, "do this"
or "that,"
They say, "what for," or "why?"
||: Oh, how much better, if they'd say
I'll try, I'll try, I'll try. :||

1. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Soon as fades the light, Chirp, chirp,
 2. Chirp, chirp, chirp! While I sound-ly sleep, Chirp, chirp,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Cricket'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first line of music is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff.

CHORUS.

chirp! Thro' the sum-mer night; Lit-tle crick-et In the
 chirp! You still wak-ing keep;

The chorus section of the musical notation. It continues the treble and bass staff from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

thick-et, Chirp, chirp, chirp! Lit-tle crick-et In the thicket,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

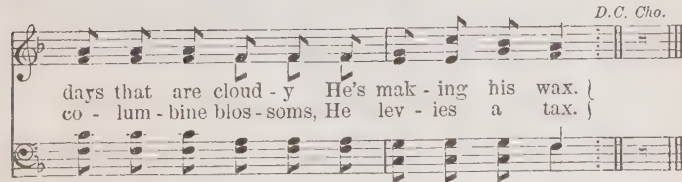
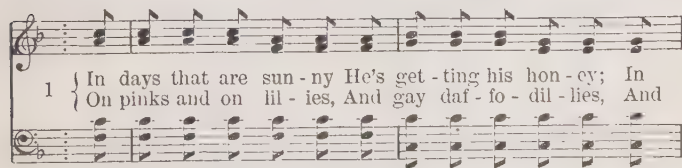
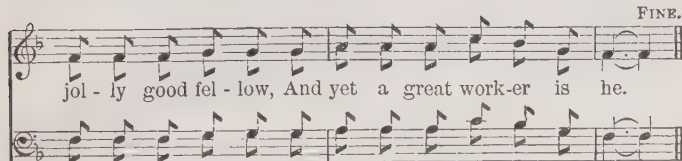
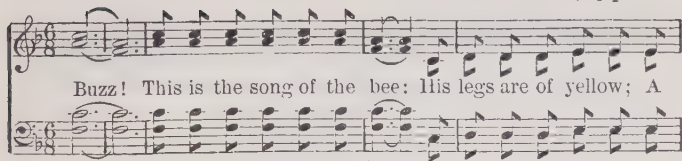
Chirp, chirp, chirp! Crick-et in the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!

The third system of musical notation. It continues the treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

SONG OF THE BEE.

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Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR, by per.



2 The sweet smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy—
From thistle or daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

3 From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through:
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'T is harder, by far,
To have nothing to do!

From "Songs for To-day," pub. by Biglow & Main.

MARIE MASON.

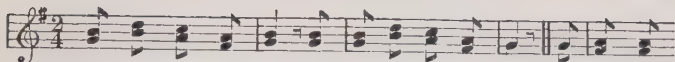
1 { Ro - ses in bloom, Ro - ses in bloom Pour incense on the air! }
 { Fill-ing the room, Fill-ing the room With perfume rich and rare! }

Drink the sweetness of their breath, Ere they fade and fall in death;

Ro - ses in bloom, Fill - ing the room With perfume rich and rare!

2 Violets pale,
 Violets pale
 Their beauty hide away;
 Wearing a veil,
 Wearing a veil
 Beneath the eye of day:
 Blooming in their sweetness there,
 'Mid the ferns and mosses fair;
 Violets pale,
 Wearing a veil
 Beneath the eye of day!

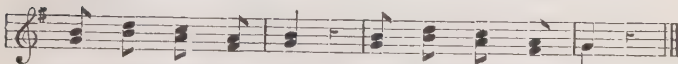
From "Song Garden," by per. O. Ditson & Co



1. Round and round it goes! As fast as wa - ter flows; The dripping
2. Turn - ing all the day, It nev - er stops to play, The dripping
3. Spark - ling in the sun, The merry wa - ters run, Up - on the



dropping, roll - ing wheel That turns the nois - y, dust - y mill;
dropping, roll - ing wheel; But keeps on grinding gold - en meal;
foaming, flashing wheel, That laughs a - loud, but worketh still;

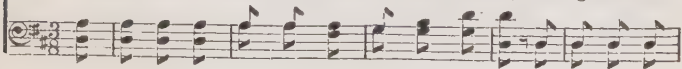


Round and round it goes, Round and round it goes.
Turn - ing all the day, Turn - ing all the day.
Spark - ling in the sun, Spark - ling in the sun.

THE WIND.



1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He rides o'er the
2. O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And o - ver the height, Where goats cannot

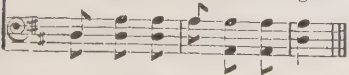


- 3 He rages and tosses
When bare is the tree,
As, when you look upwards,
You plainly may see.



wa - ter, And o - ver the snow.
traverse. He taketh his flight.

- 4 But whither he goeth,
Or whither he goes,
There's no one can tell you,—
There's no one that knows.



GERMAN.

1. Oh say, bus - y bee, whith-er now are you go-ing? Whith-er
 2. Oh say, pret-ty dove, whith-er now are you fly-ing? Whith-er

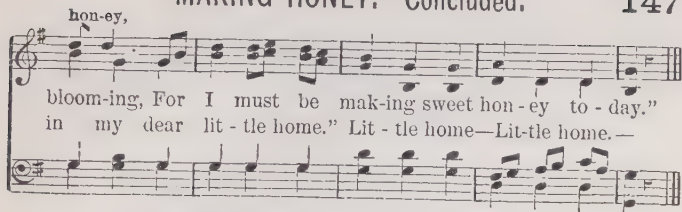
now are you go-ing, to work or to play? "I am bound to the
 now are you fly-ing, to Lon-don or Rome?" "I am bound to my

gar-den where ros-es are blooming, For I must be mak-ing sweet
 nest where my part-ner is sigh-ing, And waiting for me in my

sweet hon-ey, sweet
 hon-ey to - day; I am bound to the gar-den where ros-es are
 dear lit-tle home. Lit-tle home—Little home -And waiting for me

From "Song Garden," by per. O. Ditson & Co.

hon-ey,

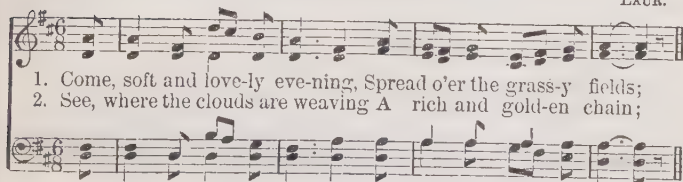


bloom-ing, For I must be mak-ing sweet hon-ey to-day."
in my dear lit-tle home." Lit-tle home—Lit-tle home.—

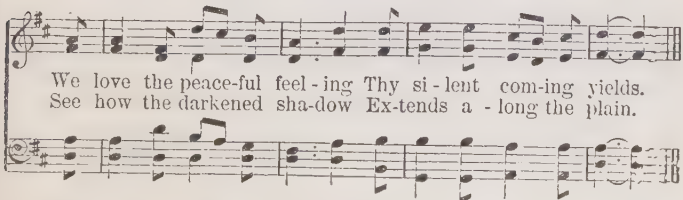
- 3 So we, all so happy, while daily advancing
In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love,
Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.
Will sing—Will sing—
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

EVENING SONG.

LAUR.



1. Come, soft and love-ly eve-ning, Spread o'er the grass-y fields;
2. See, where the clouds are weaving A rich and gold-en chain;



We love the peace-ful feel-ing Thy si-lent com-ing yields.
See how the darkened sha-dow Ex-tends a-long the plain.

3.

All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze
And birds, their night-song warbling.
Among the dewy trees.

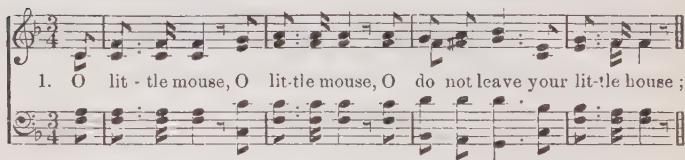
4.

Sweet evening, thou art with us,
So tranquil, mild, and still;
Thou dost our thankful bosoms
With humble praises fill.

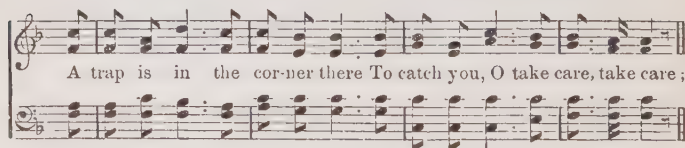
[The children stand in a circle. A space between two of them is the hole in which the child who is mousie, stays during the singing of verse 1. At the beginning of verse 2, mousie comes out and runs softly around the circle, stopping here and there to nibble the cheese, pie, cake, etc., (represented by the children in the circle.) In verse 3, mousie goes to the trap, made by three children, who have clasped hands forming a little circle; their arms are raised to let mousie pass under. When the mouse "goes in," their arms fall; the children in the large circle give one stamp and one clap for the "snap," and mousie is caught. The cook is then called to look around the pantry and find whether a mouse has been there; seeing the food nibbled, she looks in the trap, opens it, calls puss, (another child,) who tries to catch the mouse before it re-enters its hole.]

Mrs. KRAUS-BOELTE.

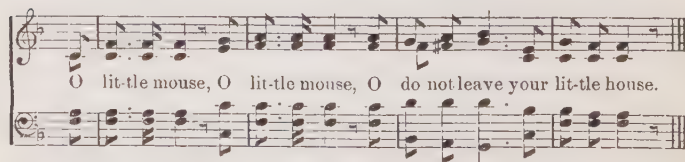
Arranged by H. P. M.



1. O lit - tle mouse, O lit-tle mouse, O do not leave your lit-tle house ;



A trap is in the cor-ner there To catch you, O take care, take care ;



O lit-tle mouse, O lit-tle mouse, O do not leave your lit-tle house.

2 The little mouse, the little mouse,
Has left its safe, its little house ;
It does no more take any care,
'Twill try the trap. beware, beware ;
O little mouse, O little mouse,
O leave the trap, go to your house.

3 The little mouse, the little mouse,
Would not go back to its little house,
Now it looks in and tries the trap,
Now it goes in,—the trap says "snap ;"
O little mouse, O little mouse,
Why did you leave your little house ?

(Words used by permission of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte.)

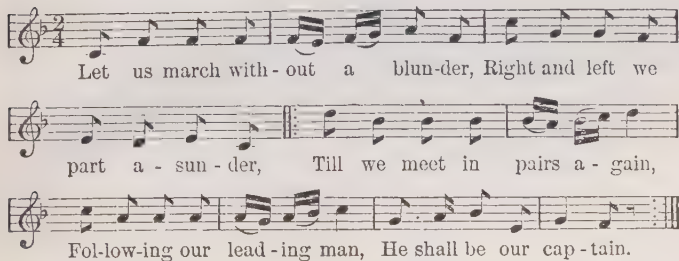
The following Songs are from

"PLAYS AND SONGS, FOR KINDERGARTEN AND FAMILY."

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New York, owners of the Copyright.

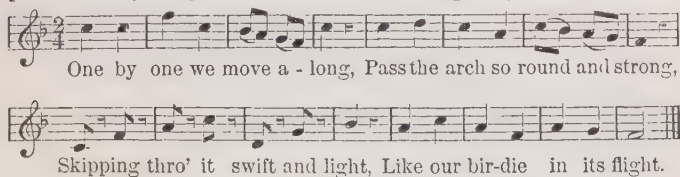
MARCHING.



Let us march with - out a blun-der, Right and left we
part a - sun - der, Till we meet in pairs a - gain,
Fol-low-ing our lead-ing man, He shall be our cap-tain.

MARCHING.

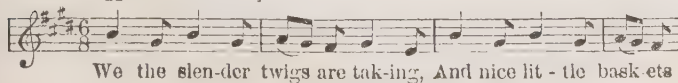
[Two children form by their arms an arch, the others passing under it in a line.]



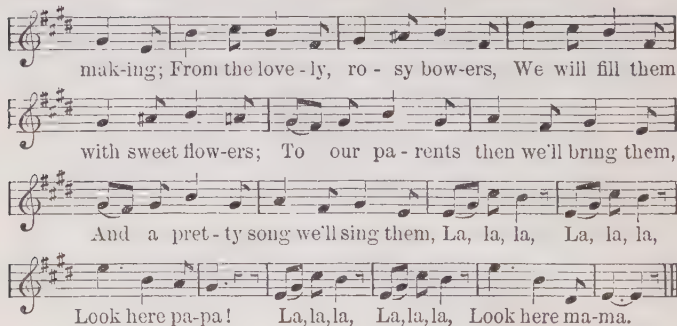
One by one we move a - long, Pass the arch so round and strong,
Skipping thro' it swift and light, Like our bir-die in its flight.

THE FLOWER BASKET.

[Each child unites its fingers and hands so as to form a little basket. When singing "la" "la" the basket is swinging to and fro, keeping time with the tune. The children may sit in their seats at the table, or stand in a circle, or in two rows opposite each other.]

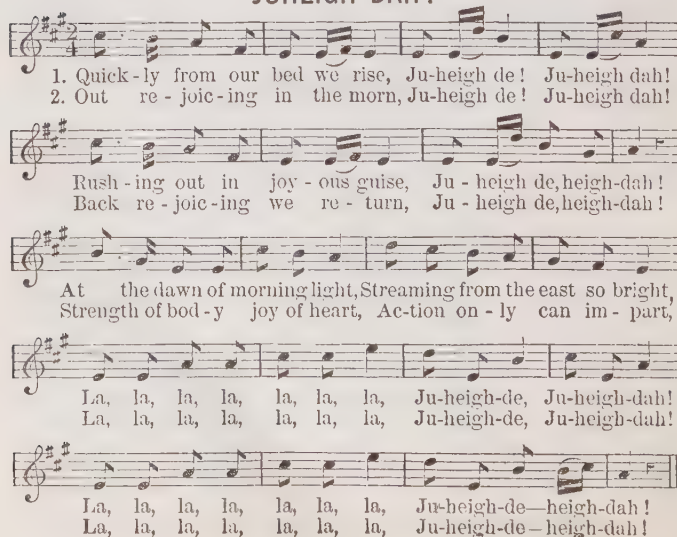


We the slen-der twigs are tak-ing, And nice lit - tle bask-ets



mak-ing; From the love-ly, ro - sy bow-ers, We will fill them
with sweet flow-ers; To our pa - rents then we'll bring them,
And a pret - ty song we'll sing them, La, la, la, La, la, la,
Look here pa-pa! La, la, la, La, la, la, Look here ma-ma.

JUHEIGH DAH!



1. Quick-ly from our bed we rise, Ju-heigh de! Ju-heigh dah!
2. Out re - joic-ing in the morn, Ju-heigh de! Ju-heigh dah!
Rush-ing out in joy - ous guise, Ju - heigh de, heigh-dah!
Back re - joic-ing we re - turn, Ju - heigh de, heigh-dah!
At the dawn of morning light, Streaming from the east so bright,
Strength of bod-y joy of heart, Ac-tion on - ly can im - part,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ju-heigh-de, Ju-heigh-dah!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ju-heigh-de, Ju-heigh-dah!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ju-heigh-de—heigh-dah!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ju-heigh-de—heigh-dah!

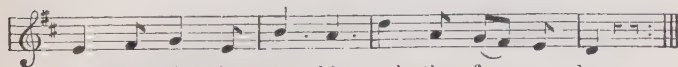
BIRDIE.

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[The children sing the first verse standing in a circle. At the second, four and four children join hands and form the nest; two other children are the little birds in it. During the third verse, the birds go to sleep, and the tune dies gradually away.]



1. Bir - die in the green-wood, Sings so sweet and clear,



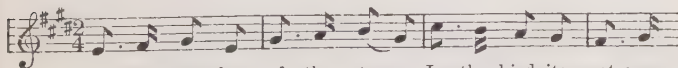
Sings of all the sun-shine and the flow-ers here.

2 Birdie in the greenwood,
Builds its little nest;
Never do disturb it,
In this place of rest.

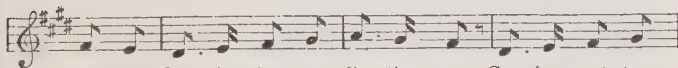
3 Birdie in the greenwood,
Sings itself to sleep;
Fearless, like good children,
Watch the angels keep.

THE NEST.

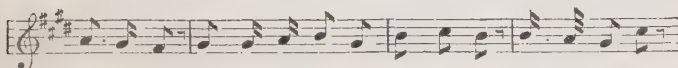
[The two hands held together, form a nest; the thumbs turned inward represent the eggs. At the words "Soon will little birds," the thumbs rise and imitate the fluttering of young birds.]



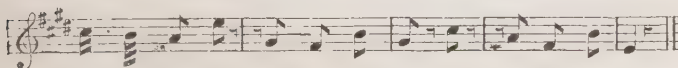
In the branches of the tree, Is the bird its nest pre-



par-ing: Lay-ing in two lit-tle eggs; Com-ing out two

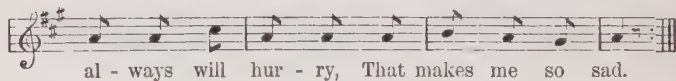
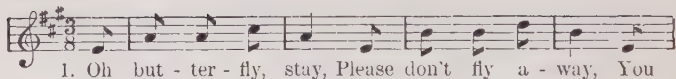


lit-tle birds; Calling their mother peep, peep, peep, mother dear, peep,



Moth-er dear, peep, so dear to us, peep, so dear to us.

THE BUTTERFLY.

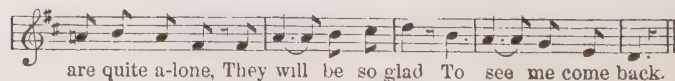
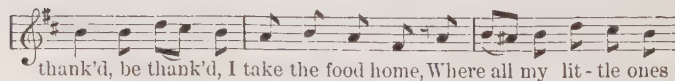
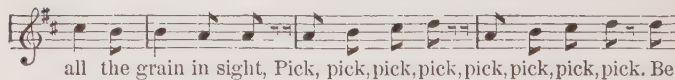
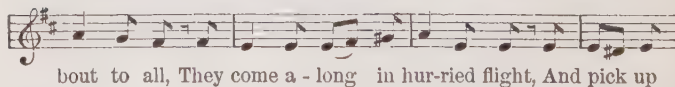
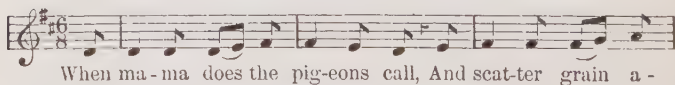


2 You hardly are here,
When I see you there,
You flutter and flutter
From flower to flow'r.

3 I wish you would sit,
On this spot a bit,
I never will harm you,
I like you so much.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

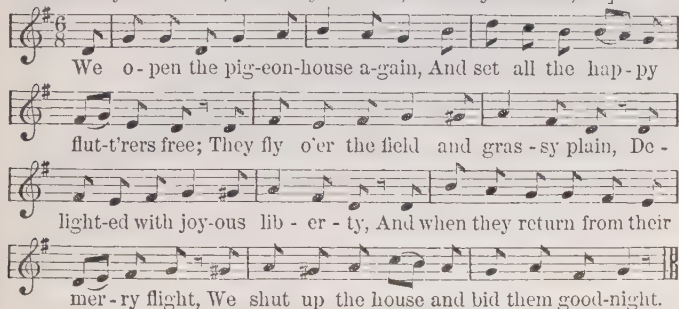
[The children represent the pigeons ; two thirds of them are the young ones, sitting in different parts of the room in their nest. The rest of the children imitate the old ones, which pick up the grain and bring it to their young ones, using their arms like wings.]



THE PIGEON HOUSE.

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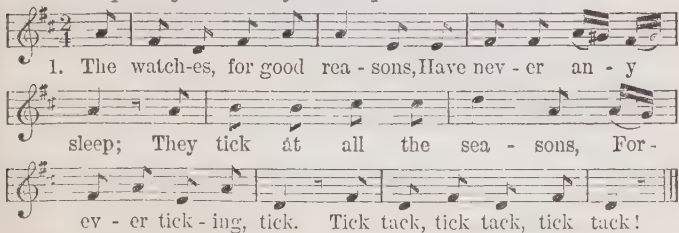
[Three fourths of the children form the circle, representing the pigeon house, the remainder the pigeons inside the house. When singing "We open," the children in the circle raise their arms as high as possible to allow the pigeons to fly about. The latter move their hands and arms like wings, until they arise at the words: "And when they return," when they make their way home as quickly as possible, and enter the circle, as the song closes. The Kindergartner then asks them one after the other, where they have been, what they have seen, etc.]



We o - pen the pig-eon-house a-gain, And set all the hap-py
flut-t'ers free; They fly o'er the field and gras-sy plain, De -
light-ed with joy-ous lib - er - ty, And when they return from their
mer-ry flight, We shut up the house and bid them good-night.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

[The children are standing in a circle and imitate the motion of the pendulum. Each succeeding verse is sung quicker than the preceeding one, and accompanied with corresponding movements of the arm.]

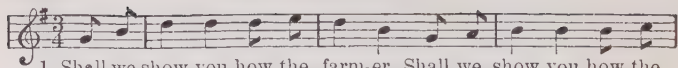


1. The watch-es, for good rea - sons, Have nev - er an - y
sleep; They tick at all the sea - sons, For -
ev - er tick - ing, tick. Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack!

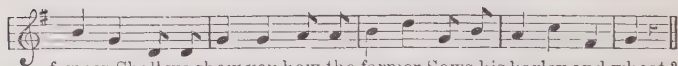
- 2 The clocks on the lofty towers,
For storms they do not care,
In frost and icy showers,
They're always ticking there.
- 3 The house clocks are no bigger.
Have ne'er a lazy head,

- They even go still quicker,
They never go to bed.
- 4 The little watches hurry,
They have no rest at all,
They're never in a flurry,
Although they are so small.

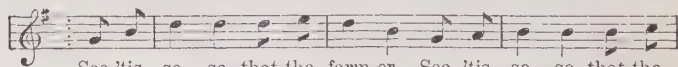
THE FARMER.



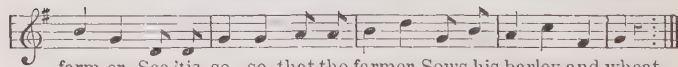
1. Shall we show you how the farm-er, Shall we show you how the



farmer, Shall we show you how the farmer Sows his barley and wheat?



See 'tis so, so, that the farm-er, See 'tis so, so, that the



farm-er, See 'tis so, so, that the farmer Sows his barley and wheat.

2 Shall we show you how the farmer.
Reaps his barley and wheat?

5 Shall we show you how the farmer,
Sifts his barley and wheat?

3 Shall we show you how the farmer.
Thrash's his barley and wheat?

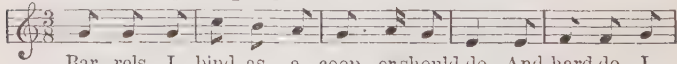
6 Shall we show you how the farmer,
Rests when labor is o'er?

4 See 'tis so, so, that the farmer,
Thrash's his barley and wheat.

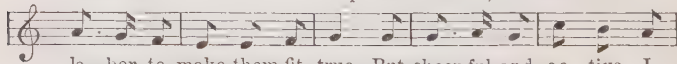
7 Shall we show you how the farmer,
Sports when labor is o'er?

THE COOPER.

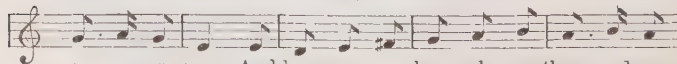
[The children standing quite close together, form a circle—the barrel.—The cooper is walking around keeping time with the tune. He takes three steps, then stops and strikes three times; his right hand being the hammer, his left the wedge. This is repeated to the end of the tune. When there are many children, two or three at a time may be coopers.]



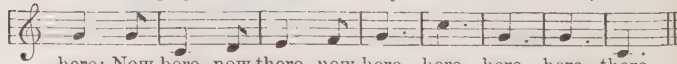
Bar-rels I bind as a coop-er should do, And hard do I



la-lor to make them fit true, But cheer-ful and ac-tive I



ev-er ap-pear, And hammer my bar-rels now there, and now

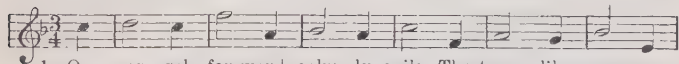


here: Now here, now there, now here, here, here, here, there.

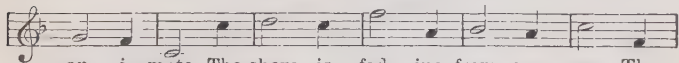
THE VESSEL.

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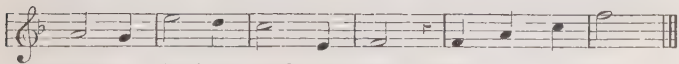
[Eight children represent the ship: three on each side, one in front, and one behind. One child stands in the centre to hold the flag. The children at the two sides imitate with their hands the motion of the oars, and the ship moves slowly forward. It stops at the words: Land, land," and a new game commences.]



1. Our ves - sel for-ward calm-ly sails, The tunes, like waves us
2. The winds and waves to-geth - er play, We feel as free as



an - i - mate. The shore is fad - ing from our gaze, The
in the air. We soon shall see our na - tive bay, We

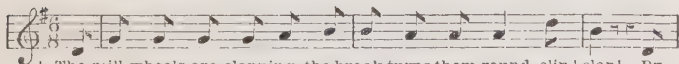


waves a - rise, how grand! how great! Bean - ti - ful sea!
near - er come; at last we're there; Land, land, land, land.

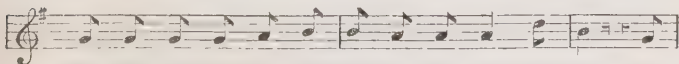
THE MILL-WHEEL.

[This song may also be sung while the children are building a mill with their blocks.]

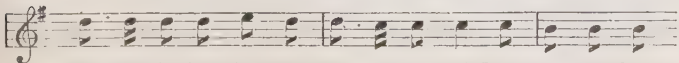
[When standing in a circle, the children singing the first verse, move their feet up and down in time with the tune. At the second verse the motion of the mill-stone is imitated by the two hands, one moving upon the palm of the other. The "clip clap" of each verse is accompanied by the clapping together of the hands.]



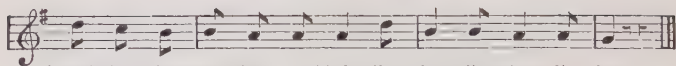
1. The mill-wheels are clapping, the brook turns them round, clip! clap! By



day and by night is the grain be - ing ground, clip! clap! The



mil - ler is jol - ly, and ev - er a - lert, That we may have



bread, And be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap.

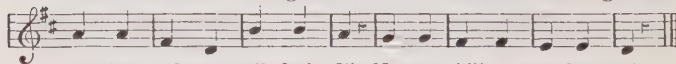
- 2 How busy the wheels are in turning the stone,
And grinding so finely the grain we have grown!
The baker the flour then for baking will use,
And make us a roll or a cake if we choose.

THE WIND-MILL.

[The children are divided into companies of four, letting them cross right hands and go round, and then left hands, and go round in the opposite direction.]



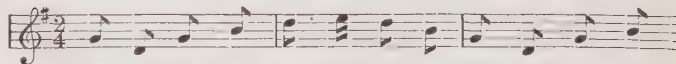
See the windmill whirling round, With a hoarse and creaking sound,



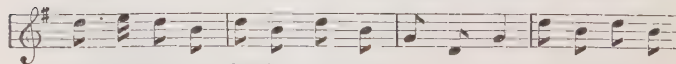
With the wind its sail doth fill, Nev-er idling, standing still.

THE SAWYER.

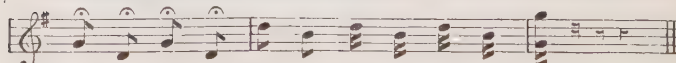
[The children form two columns, facing each other. Each couple join hands, and while singing, move their arms forward and backward, in imitation of the sawyer cutting wood. When singing "Little pieces," they make short movements, according to the tune. When they sing "See saw, see saw," they move quickly; and with the last word, "See," they suddenly stop and raise their arms.]



Let us now be - gin our saw-ing, Forward, back-ward,



push-ing, drawing, Sawing, saw-ing wood in two, Lit - tle pie-ces,



big - ger pie - ces, See saw, see saw, see saw see.

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